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MAD

AN ENTERTAINING COMIC EC

No. 6
AUG.-SEPT.

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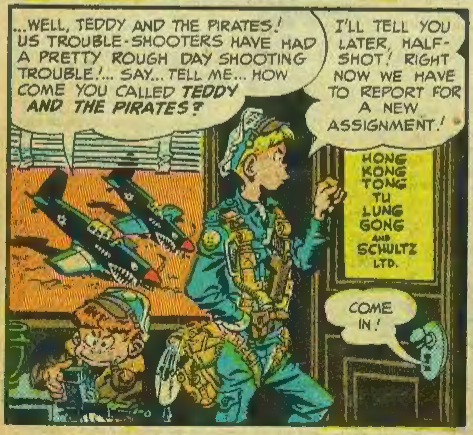
HIGH-TYPE ADVENTURE DEPT.:... GONNNNNNG! THE ORIENT! OUR STORY STARTS IN HONG-KONG... CENTER OF MYSTERY AND INTRIGUE! THERE, AMIDST THE TEEMING MASSES OF HUMANITY, FERRETTING OUT TROUBLE... FOLLOWING SUSPICIOUS-LOOKING LEADS WITH HIS LOVABLE ASSISTANT, HALF-SHOT CHARLIE, WE FIND...

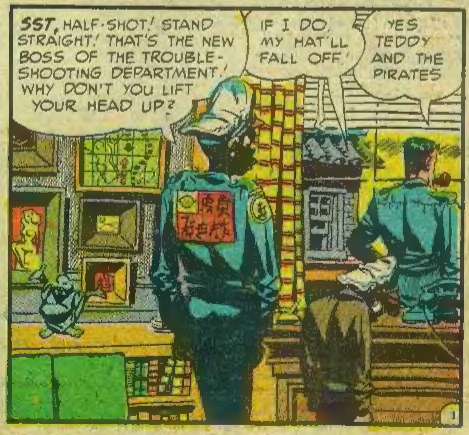
TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!

HU HE HEY
"SIN IS THE ROOT OF ALL SIN"

HO HUM
HOTEL REPUBLIC

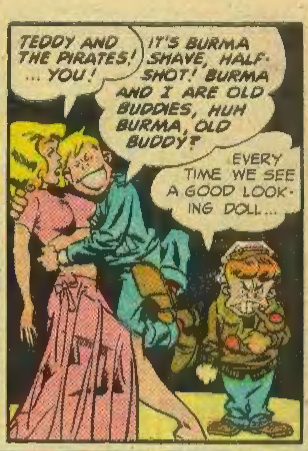
WOOD



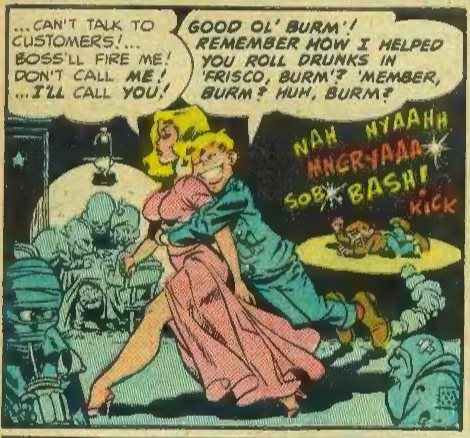


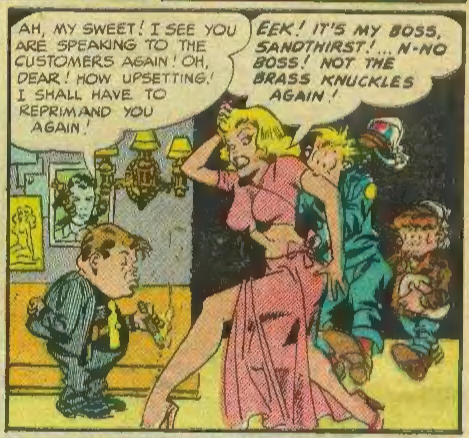
...I'M THE NEW BOSS! DO YOU RECOGNIZE ME, TEDDY BWAH?
CRIMANETALIES! IT'S PAT...
PAT SLAP WHAM WHOMP KRUMP
IT'S PAT O'BRYAN, HALF-SHOT! PAT AND I ARE OLD BUDDIES, HUH, PAT OL' BUDDY? GOOD OL' PAT!
WHAP WHOP WHOMP THUD!
...SAILED THE CHINA SEAS FROM RANGOON TO CONEY ISLAND WITH GOOD OL' GREAT OL' PAT... HUH, PAT, HUH? HUH?
ENOUGH OF THIS SNIVELING AFFECTION! I HAVE HERE YOUR NEXT ASSIGNMENT! AS YOU KNOW, OUR COMPANY RUNS A GOOD, CLEAN, HONEST BUSINESS SELLING OPIUM TO THE NATIVES!... SOME DIRTY ROTTEN CROOKS HAVE BEEN HI-JACKING OUR OPIUM SHIPMENTS!
BRATATATATAT!
FROM THE LOOKS OF THINGS I SUSPECT THAT THE CROOKS, IN ORDER TO GET SHIPPING INFORMATION, HAVE PLACED WITHIN OUR COMPANY AN INSIDE MAN! I WANT YOU TWO TO GO OUTSIDE AND FIND THIS INSIDE MAN! TAKE THAT OPIUM PACKAGE FOR BAIT, AND REMEMBER... NOTHING MUST STOP YOU FROM CARRYING OUT YOUR ASSIGNMENT!
DISMISSED!
HEP
OPIUM
HMMMM!... FIND AN INSIDE MAN ON THE OUTSIDE! RIDICULOUS!... YOU SEE ANY SUSPICIOUS LEADS, HALF-SHOT?
NOT A THING! ...WAIT! THIS LOOKS LIKE A GOOD LEAD... C'MON!
BAR
NO COVER
NO MINIMUM
NO FLOOR
TODAY
THESE MYSTERIOUS ORIENTAL NIGHT CLUBS USUALLY HAVE GOOD LEADS! GOSH, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! I WONDER WHO THAT INSIDE MAN IS? I WONDER WHY YOU'RE *CALLED TEDDY AND THE PIRATES?
SH... FLOOR SHOW'S BEGINNING! I GOTTA WATCH! IT MIGHT BE A GOOD LEAD!
HEY!
OH THAT ST. LOUIE WOMAN

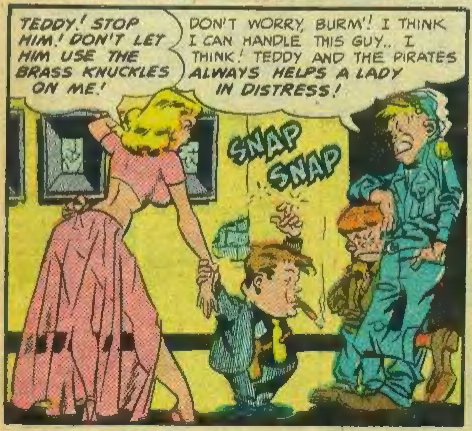
WITHER DIAMOND RINGS
CRIMANETALIES! IT'S BURMA...
HEY!

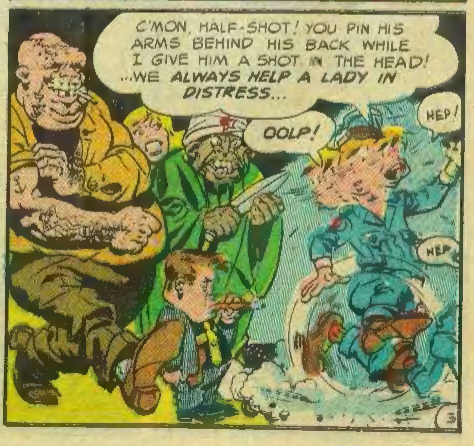

TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! ... YOU!
IT'S BURMA SHAVE, HALF-SHOT! BURMA AND I ARE OLD BUDDIES, HUH BURMA, OLD BUDDY?
EVERY TIME WE SEE A GOOD LOOKING DOLL...

...GOTTA GET READY FOR MY NEXT ACT!
... SAILED THE CHINA SEAS... RANGOON TO CONEY ISLAND... WITH GOOD OL' BURMA... HUH, BURMA? HUH? HUH?
... HE KNOWS 'EM! HE GETS TO HUG 'EM!

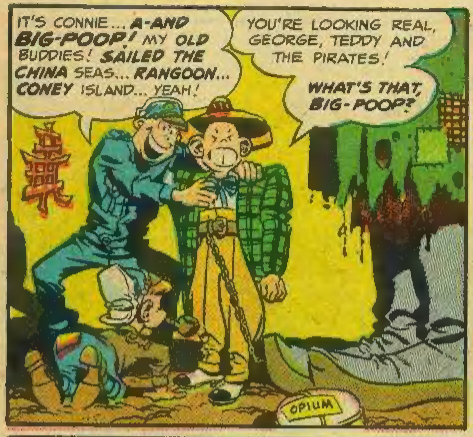

...CAN'T TALK TO CUSTOMERS!... BOSS'LL FIRE ME! DON'T CALL ME! ...I'LL CALL YOU!
GOOD OL' BURM'! REMEMBER HOW I HELPED YOU ROLL DRUNKS IN 'FRISCO, BURM'? 'MEMBER, BURM? HUH, BURM?
NAH NYAAHH
MNGRYAAA
SOB
BASH!
KICK


AH, MY SWEET! I SEE YOU ARE SPEAKING TO THE CUSTOMERS AGAIN! OH, DEAR! HOW UPSETTING! I SHALL HAVE TO REPRIMAND YOU AGAIN!
EEK! IT'S MY BOSS, SANDTHIRST! ... N-NO BOSS! NOT THE BRASS KNUCKLES AGAIN!


TEDDY! STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM USE THE BRASS KNUCKLES ON ME!
DON'T WORRY, BURM'! I THINK I CAN HANDLE THIS GUY.. I THINK! TEDDY AND THE PIRATES ALWAYS HELPS A LADY IN DISTRESS!
SNAP
SNAP


C'MON, HALF-SHOT! YOU PIN HIS ARMS BEHIND HIS BACK WHILE I GIVE HIM A SHOT IN THE HEAD! ...WE ALWAYS HELP A LADY IN DISTRESS...
OOLP!
HEP!
HEP

COME, MY DEAR! DO NOT MAKE IT DIFFICULT! FOUR BASHES IS ALL I SHALL GIVE YOU!
TEDDY! EE! TEDDY! EE! OI!
LIKE I SAID... GOTTA TAKE MY SUIT IN FOR A PRESS!... LET'S GO, HALF-SHOT!
HEP
BESIDES, WE GOT ORDERS, HUH, HALF-SHOT? PAT OBRYAN GAVE US ORDERS...RIGHT, HALF-SHOT? HE TOLD US NOTHING MUST STOP US FROM CARRYING OUT OUR ASSIGNMENT! RIGHT, HALF-SHOT?
RIGHT?
RIGHT!
RIGHT!
HUP!
ZOK
POW
SLAM
YOW!
OPIUM
BACK INTO THE TEEMING STREETS OF HONG KONG! YOU FIND MORE TEEMS OUT HERE... BASEBALL... FOOTBALL TEEMS!...I WONDER IF WE'LL EVER FIND THE INSIDE MAN? I WONDER WHY YOU'RE CALLED 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'?
HEY!... GOING INTO THAT DARK DOORWAY...
DON'T TELL ME YOU SEE ANOTHER OLD BUDDY OF YOURS?
IT'S CONNIE!
CONNIE? ANOTHER BEAUTIFUL GIRL NO DOUBT! WELL THIS TIME I GET FIRST HUG!
CONNIE, GIRL! I'M TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'S FRIEND, AND ANY FRIEND OF TEDDY AND THE PIRATES IS A FRIEND OF MINE!
WAIT, HALF-SHOT!
C'MERE, GAL!
HONG KONG PING PONG AND MAH JONG CLUB
OPIUM
ZOOOMM
KISS
KISS
KISS
WAIT, HALF-SHOT! ...CONNIE IS...
BOOM
CONNIE IS A MAN!
WHO WAS THAT CRAZY MAN? THAT BOY'S STRICTLY TOM! REAL GONE!


IT'S CONNIE... A-AND BIG-POOP! MY OLD BUDDIES! SAILED THE CHINA SEAS... RANGOON... CONEY ISLAND... YEAH!
YOU'RE LOOKING REAL, GEORGE, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!
WHAT'S THAT, BIG-POOP?
OPIUM

GOOD OLD BIG-POOP AN' CONNIE! WE'VE GOTTA TALK OVER OLD TIMES!
BIG-POOP SAYS HE WANTS TO HUG YOUR FRIEND HALF-SHOT... WANTS TO HUG HIM HELLO!

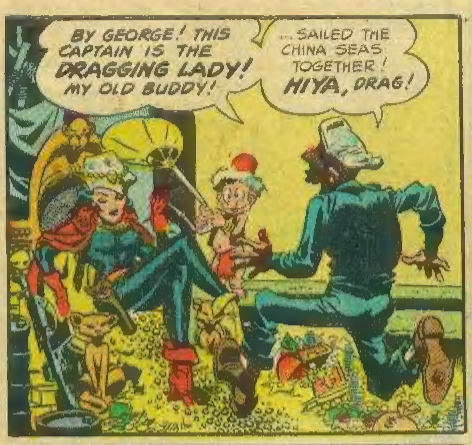
...C'MON, CONNIE! LET'S SIT DOWN SOMEWHERE AND TALK OVER OLD TIMES!... C'MON, CONNIE OLD PAL! LEMME BUY YOU A BEER!
BIG-POOP SAYS HE WANTS TO HUG YOU TOO, TEDDY-O'!
SNAP CRACKLE POP

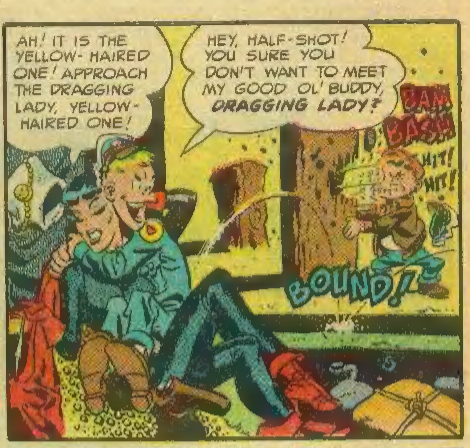
WELL, FLIP MY LID!
AS I WAS SAYING, HALF-SHOT... LET'S GO PACK OUR GEAR!
REMEMBER OUR ASSIGNMENT! WE MUST FIND THE INSIDE MAN AND NOTHING MUST STOP US!
HEP!
HUP!
HEP
HEP
OPIUM

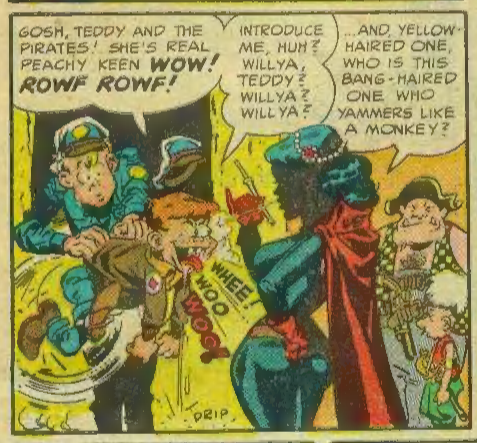
I WONDER WHO THE INSIDE MAN IS? AND FOR THE TENTH TIME... WHY YOU CALLED TEDDY AND THE PIRATES!
SH, HALF-SHOT! WE'RE NEARING THE WATERFRONT!

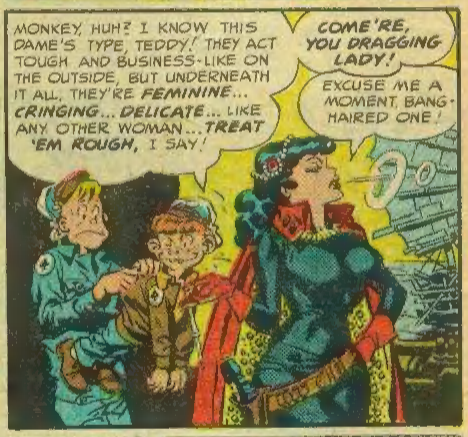
CRIMANETALIES! LOOK SEE, THAT OLD CHINESE JUNK TIED UP BY THE WATERFRONT?
YEAH?
YEH? YEH?

THE CAPTAIN OF THIS JUNK IS THE ROUGHEST, MEANEST, NASTIEST, TOUGHEST CAPTAIN ON THE HIGH SEAS, AND I KNOW THE CAPTAIN!
... AN OLD BUDDY OF YOURS, I'LL BET! WELL, YOU GO HUG YOUR BUDDIES ALONE, THIS TIME! I'M FINISHED!
OPIUM


BY GEORGE! THIS CAPTAIN IS THE DRAGGING LADY! MY OLD BUDDY!
...SAILED THE CHINA SEAS TOGETHER! HIYA, DRAG!

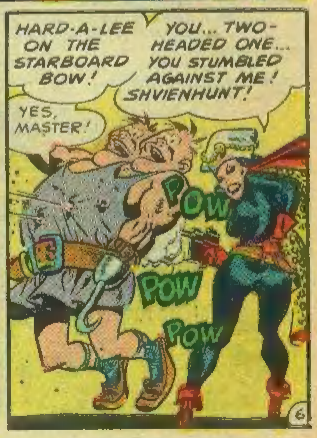

AH! IT IS THE YELLOW-HAIRED ONE! APPROACH THE DRAGGING LADY, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE!
HEY, HALF-SHOT! YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANT TO MEET MY GOOD OL' BUDDY, DRAGGING LADY?
BAM
BASH
HIT!
HIT!
BOUND!


GOSH, TEDDY AND THE PIRATES! SHE'S REAL PEACHY KEEN WOW! ROWF ROWF!
INTRODUCE ME, HUH? WILLYA, TEDDY? WILLYA? WILLYA?
...AND, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE, WHO IS THIS BANG-HAIRED ONE WHO YAMMERS LIKE A MONKEY?
WHEE!
WOO
WOO
DRIP.

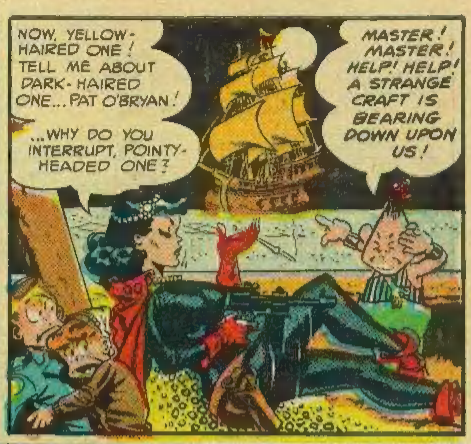

MONKEY, HUH? I KNOW THIS DAME'S TYPE, TEDDY! THEY ACT TOUGH AND BUSINESS-LIKE ON THE OUTSIDE, BUT UNDERNEATH IT ALL, THEY'RE FEMININE... CRINGING... DELICATE... LIKE ANY OTHER WOMAN... TREAT 'EM ROUGH, I SAY!
COME'RE, YOU DRAGGING LADY!
EXCUSE ME A MOMENT, BANG-HAIRED ONE!

ALL RIGHT, YOU SWINE! WE'RE CASTING OFF! YOU, RED-HAIRED ONE... HOIST THE MAIN-SAIL! SNAP TO!
YES, MASTER!
SWISH
KNAP

STEP LIVELY, YOU BABOONS! LOWER THE JIB! BATTEN THE HATCHES! YOU, BALD-HEADED ONE! YOU'RE MOVING TOO SLOWLY!
YES, MASTER!
KNOP


HARD-A-LEE ON THE STARBOARD BOW!
YOU... TWO-HEADED ONE... YOU STUMBLED AGAINST ME! SHVIENHUNT!
YES, MASTER!
POW
POW
POW

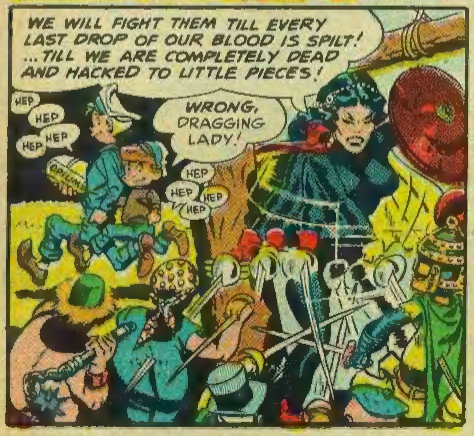
THERE!... THAT GOT THIS JUNK GOING!
NOW... BANG-HAIRED ONE! WHAT WAS IT YOU WERE SAYING ABOUT MY TYPE OF WOMAN!
ME SAY SOMETHIN'? I DIDN'T SAY NOTHIN'! YOU HEAR ME SAY SOMETHIN', TEDDY? TEDDY SAID SOMETHIN'! NOT ME!

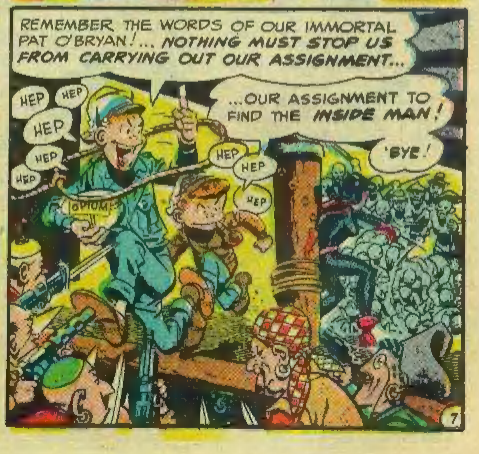

NOW, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE! TELL ME ABOUT DARK-HAIRED ONE... PAT O'BRYAN!
...WHY DO YOU INTERRUPT, POINTY-HEADED ONE?
MASTER! MASTER! HELP! HELP! A STRANGE CRAFT IS BEARING DOWN UPON US!

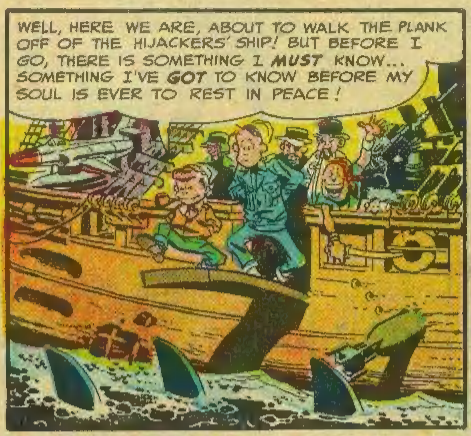
I KNOW WHAT THAT CRAFT IS! IT IS A BAND OF HI-JACKERS!
HERE, YELLOW-HAIRED ONE AND BANG-HAIRED ONE! TAKE THESE CUTLASSES!
WE'LL PROTECT YOU, DRAGGING LADY!

ALL HANDS AND FEET ON DECK! STAND BY TO REPEL BOARDERS! WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE LAND... IN THE AIR!
RIGHT, DRAGGING LADY!
WATCH OUT FOR THAT ONE, DRAGGING LADY!
CRASH
SLASH
BASH
GASH

...WE WILL FIGHT THEM ON THE BEACHES TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED! ALLA TIME WE WILL FIGHT, FIGHT, FIGHT!
RIGHT, DRAGGING LADY!
GET THAT ONE, DRAGGING LADY!

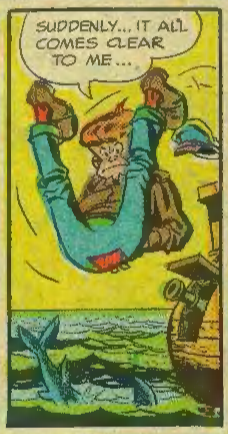

WE WILL FIGHT THEM TILL EVERY LAST DROP OF OUR BLOOD IS SPILT! ...TILL WE ARE COMPLETELY DEAD AND HACKED TO LITTLE PIECES!
WRONG, DRAGGING LADY!
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP


REMEMBER THE WORDS OF OUR IMMORTAL PAT O'BRYAN!... NOTHING MUST STOP US FROM CARRYING OUT OUR ASSIGNMENT...
...OUR ASSIGNMENT TO FIND THE INSIDE MAN!
'BYE!
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
HEP
BWOM!


WELL, HERE WE ARE, ABOUT TO WALK THE PLANK OFF OF THE HIJACKERS' SHIP! BUT BEFORE I GO, THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST KNOW... SOMETHING I'VE GOT TO KNOW BEFORE MY SOUL IS EVER TO REST IN PEACE!

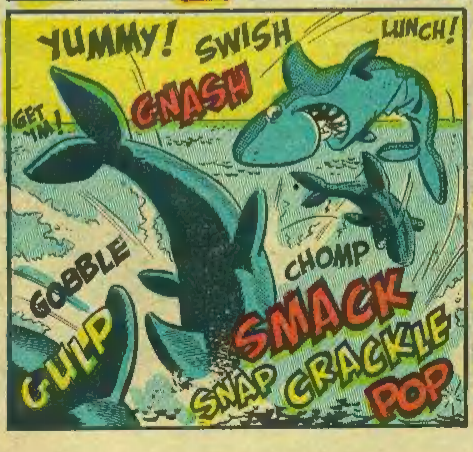
I'VE GOT TO KNOW THE ANSWER TO TWO QUESTIONS... FIRST... WHO IS THE INSIDE MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR, AND SECOND... WHY DO THEY CALL YOU 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'?

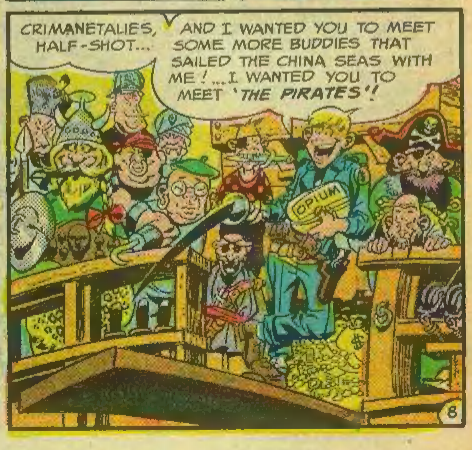
HUP..
HOO BOY
TOINGG


SUDDENLY... IT ALL COMES CLEAR TO ME...

...I NOW KNOW WHO THE INSIDE MAN FOR THE OPIUM HIJACKERS IS...

...AND I KNOW WHY THEY CALL HIM 'TEDDY AND THE PIRATES'!..


YUMMY!
SWISH
LUNCH!
GET 'EM!
GNASH
GOBBLE
CHOMP
GULP
SMACK
SNAP CRACKLE POP


CRIMANETALIES, HALF-SHOT...
AND I WANTED YOU TO MEET SOME MORE BUDDIES THAT SAILED THE CHINA SEAS WITH ME! ...I WANTED YOU TO MEET 'THE PIRATES'!
OPIUM

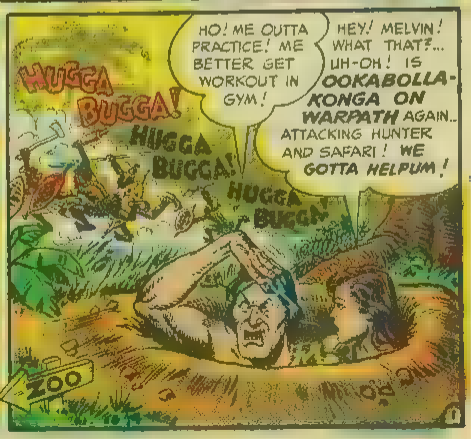
JUNGLE DEPT.: HERE IS AFRICA... ITS TANGLED BANYAN TREES AND ITS CREEPING GOOMBAH VINES! BUT HARK... SOMETHING IS MISSING! WHERE IS THE ROAR OF N'GANI, THE LION? WHERE IS THE SHRIEK OF N'GAWA, THE CHEETAH? THE JUNGLE IS STRANGELY SILENT... BUT FOR THE CLUMSY CRASHING THROUGH THE TREETOPS OF...

MELVIN OF THE APES!

by EGAD (LONG GRAIN) RICE BURROWS

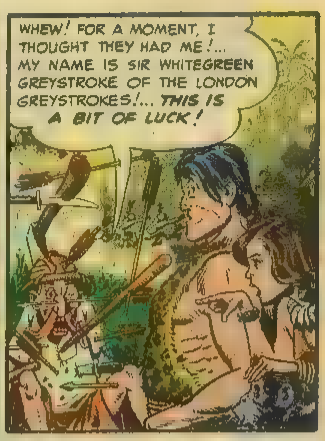
HEY, JANE! LOOKA DIS! ME JUMP TO NEXT VINE... USE ONLY ONE HAND! WATCH!

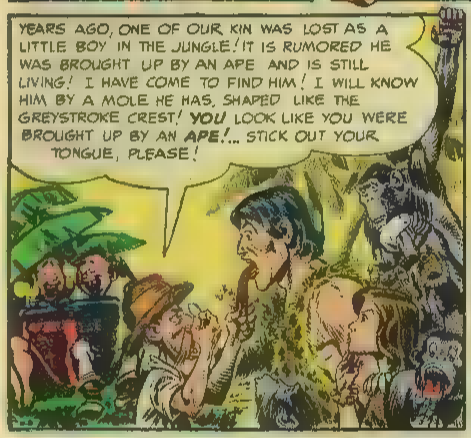
MELVIN SEVERIN

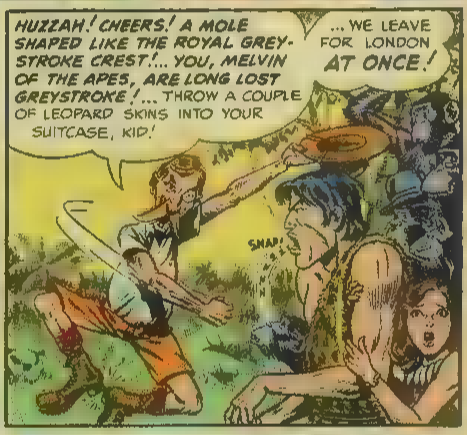


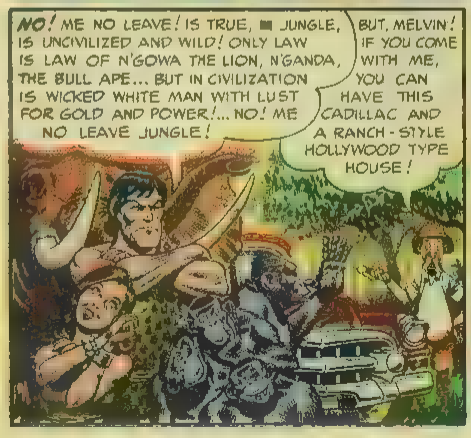
HEY, YOU OOKABOLLAKONGAS! LISTEN,' MELVIN, LORD OF JUNGLE IS HERE! LISTEN! ME WANNA TELL YOU SUMPTING.' LISTEN...

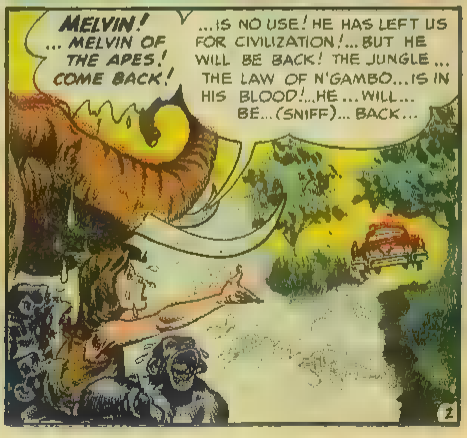
SKULL MAG
Mother come home - We found your latest issue of MAD!
BOO!

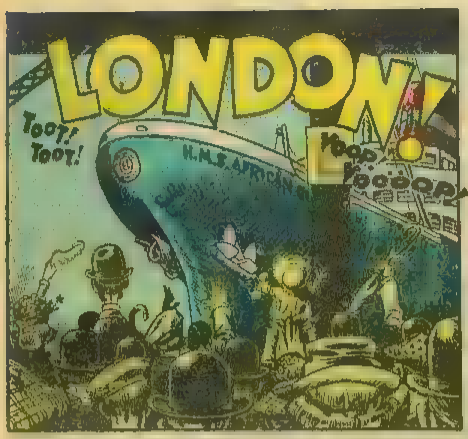

WHEW! FOR A MOMENT, I THOUGHT THEY HAD ME!... MY NAME IS SIR WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE OF THE LONDON GREYSTROKES!... THIS IS A BIT OF LUCK!

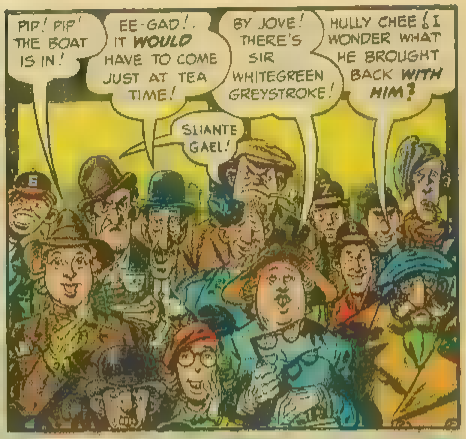

YEARS AGO, ONE OF OUR KIN WAS LOST AS A LITTLE BOY IN THE JUNGLE! IT IS RUMORED HE WAS BROUGHT UP BY AN APE AND IS STILL LIVING! I HAVE COME TO FIND HIM! I WILL KNOW HIM BY A MOLE HE HAS, SHAPED LIKE THE GREYSTROKE CREST! YOU LOOK LIKE YOU WERE BROUGHT UP BY AN APE!... STICK OUT YOUR TONGUE, PLEASE!

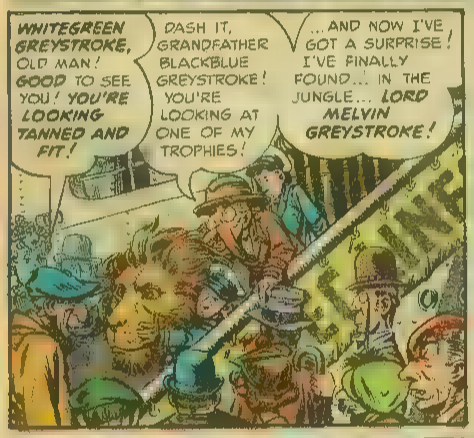

HUZZAH! CHEERS! A MOLE SHAPED LIKE THE ROYAL GREYSTROKE CREST!... YOU, MELVIN OF THE APES, ARE LONG LOST GREYSTROKE!... THROW A COUPLE OF LEOPARD SKINS INTO YOUR SUITCASE, KID!
... WE LEAVE FOR LONDON AT ONCE!
SNAP!

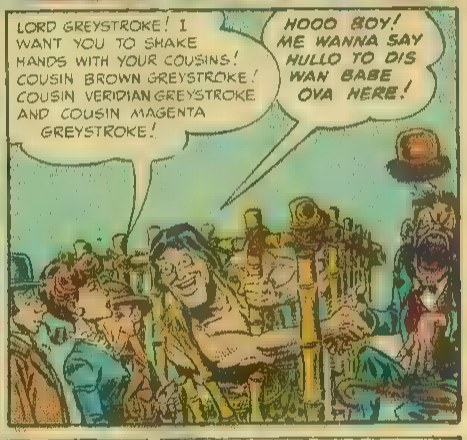

NO! ME NO LEAVE! IS TRUE, ■ JUNGLE, IS UNCIVILIZED AND WILD! ONLY LAW IS LAW OF N'GOWA THE LION, N'GANDA, THE BULL APE... BUT IN CIVILIZATION IS WICKED WHITE MAN WITH LUST FOR GOLD AND POWER!... NO! ME NO LEAVE JUNGLE!
BUT, MELVIN! IF YOU COME WITH ME, YOU CAN HAVE THIS CADILLAC AND A RANCH-STYLE HOLLYWOOD TYPE HOUSE!


MELVIN! ... MELVIN OF THE APES! COME BACK!
...IS NO USE! HE HAS LEFT US FOR CIVILIZATION!... BUT HE WILL BE BACK! THE JUNGLE... THE LAW OF N'GAMBO... IS IN HIS BLOOD!... HE... WILL... BE... (SNIFF)... BACK...

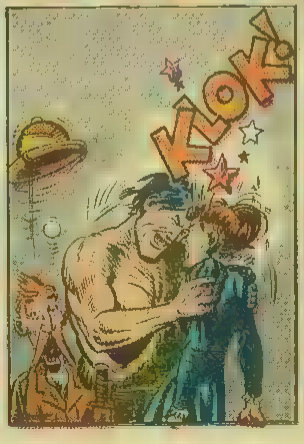

LONDON!
TOOT! TOOT!
H.M.S. AFRICAN
HOOP
HOOOOP!

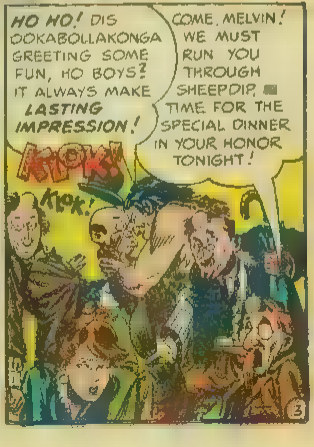

PIP! PIP! THE BOAT IS IN!
EE-GAD! IT WOULD HAVE TO COME JUST AT TEA TIME!
BY JOVE! THERE'S SIR WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE!
HULLY CHEE! I WONDER WHAT HE BROUGHT BACK WITH HIM?
SLIANTE GAEL!

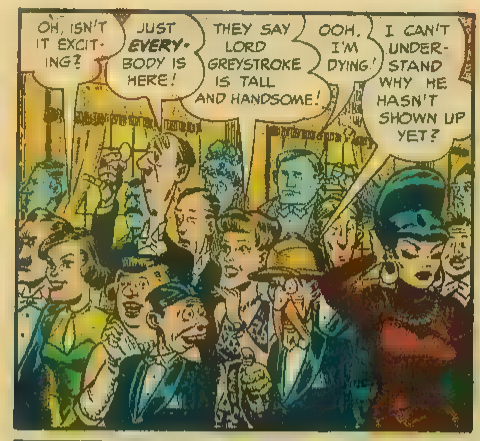

WHITEGREEN GREYSTROKE, OLD MAN! GOOD TO SEE YOU! YOU'RE LOOKING TANNED AND FIT!
DASH IT, GRANDFATHER BLACKBLUE GREYSTROKE! YOU'RE LOOKING AT ONE OF MY TROPHIES!
...AND NOW I'VE GOT A SURPRISE! I'VE FINALLY FOUND... IN THE JUNGLE... LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

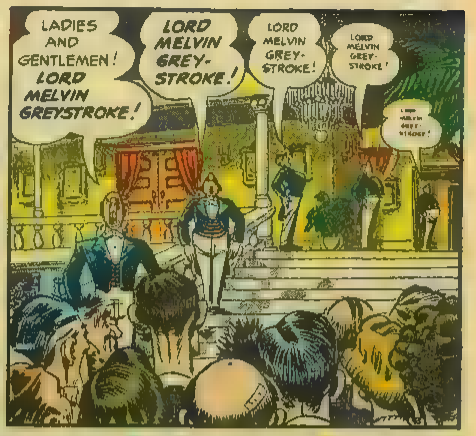

LORD GREYSTROKE! I WANT YOU TO SHAKE HANDS WITH YOUR COUSINS! COUSIN BROWN GREYSTROKE! COUSIN VERIDIAN GREYSTROKE AND COUSIN MAGENTA GREYSTROKE!
HOOO BOY! ME WANNA SAY HULLO TO DIS WAN BABE OVA HERE!

ME NO LIKE THIS SHAKING HANDS! IS TOO FORMAL! ME JUST COUNTRY BOY FROM STICKS! ME GIVE COUSIN QUAINT AND TENDER OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING OF LOVE AND AFFECTION!


KLOK!


HO HO! DIS OOKABOLLAKONGA GREETING SOME FUN, HO BOYS? IT ALWAYS MAKE LASTING IMPRESSION!
KLOK!
KLOK!
COME, MELVIN! WE MUST RUN YOU THROUGH SHEEPDIP. TIME FOR THE SPECIAL DINNER IN YOUR HONOR TONIGHT!

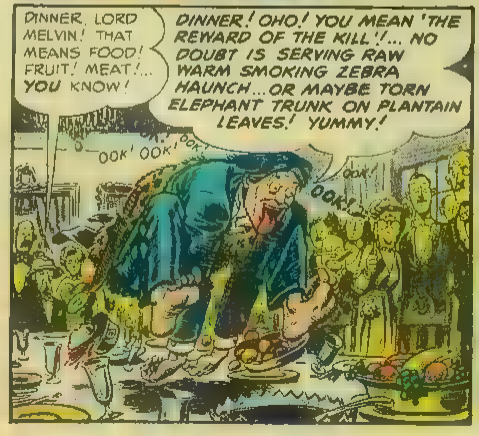

OH, ISN'T IT EXCITING?
JUST EVERYBODY IS HERE!
THEY SAY LORD GREYSTROKE IS TALL AND HANDSOME!
OOH, I'M DYING!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE HASN'T SHOWN UP YET?

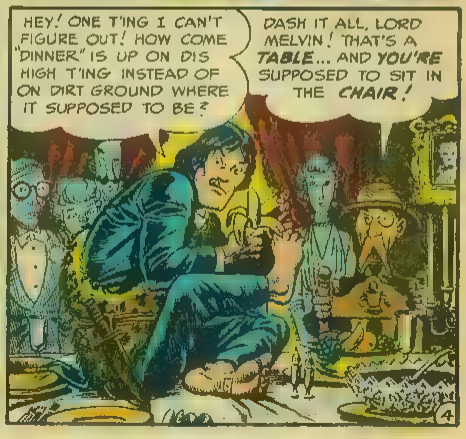

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!
LORD MELVIN GREYSTROKE!

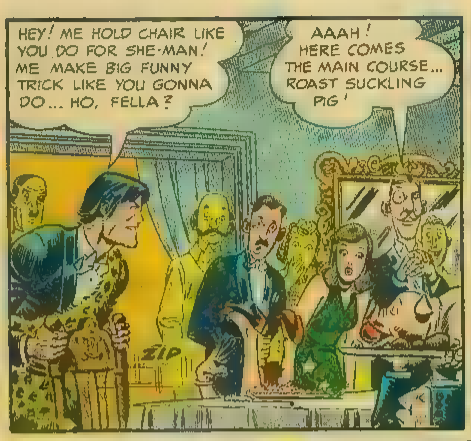
...WHAT A SCENE IT WILL MAKE WHEN THE BRONZED GIANT, LORD GREYSTROKE STRIDES THROUGH THAT DOOR!... DASH IT! WHERE IS HE?
HO!

HO! ME SURPRISE YOU LIKE ME SURPRISE N'GANI, THE ANTELOPE IN JUNGLE! NOTE HOW KNEE IS IN POSITION TO BREAK BACK... KNIFE READY TO CUT THROAT! PRETTY GOOD, HO, BOY?

LORD MELVIN! I WANT YOU TO MEET SOME OF THE GUESTS... DUKE AND DUTCHESS FUSCIA GREYSTROKE...
... DINNER IS SERVED!
KLOK!
KLOK!


DINNER, LORD MELVIN! THAT MEANS FOOD! FRUIT! MEAT!... YOU KNOW!
DINNER! OHO! YOU MEAN 'THE REWARD OF THE KILL'!... NO DOUBT IS SERVING RAW WARM SMOKING ZEBRA HAUNCH... OR MAYBE TORN ELEPHANT TRUNK ON PLANTAIN LEAVES! YUMMY!
OOK! OOK! OOK!
OOK!


HEY! ONE T'ING I CAN'T FIGURE OUT! HOW COME "DINNER" IS UP ON DIS HIGH T'ING INSTEAD OF ON DIRT GROUND WHERE IT SUPPOSED TO BE?
DASH IT ALL, LORD MELVIN! THAT'S A TABLE... AND YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO SIT IN THE CHAIR!

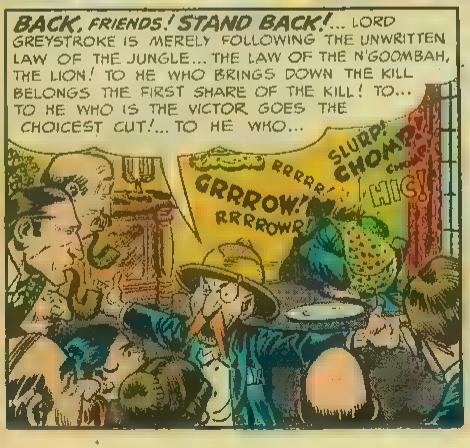

HEY! ME HOLD CHAIR LIKE YOU DO FOR SHE-MAN! ME MAKE BIG FUNNY TRICK LIKE YOU GONNA DO... HO, FELLA?
AAAH! HERE COMES THE MAIN COURSE... ROAST SUCKLING PIG!
ZIP

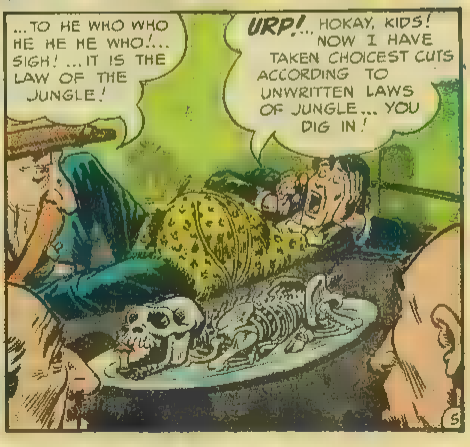
HOO
HAA!

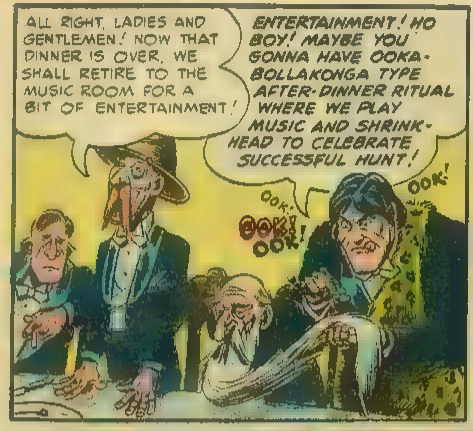
NOW... N'GUNGA, THE PIG! TASTE THE BLADE OF MY STEEL TOOTH!

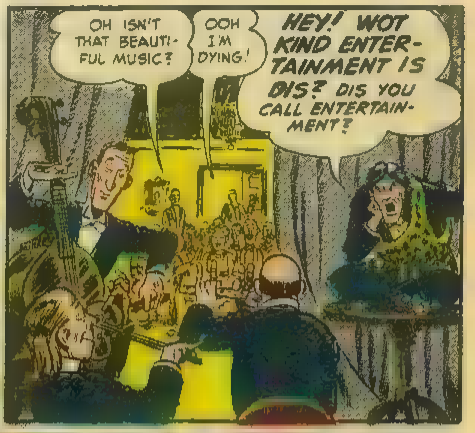
I SAY! THAT SUCKLING PIG WAS FOR ALL OF US!
COME ON, OLD SPORT! PUT IT BACK ON THE TABLE!
AFTER ALL, OLD BOY! WE'RE HUNGRY TOO!
SLOP! GNASH! SLOP! GERROWRR! RRRID! RRRR!

GROWRRR GROWL
SUDDENLY, I HAVE LOST MY APPETITE!
STRANGE! SO HAVE I!
TENNIS ANYONE?

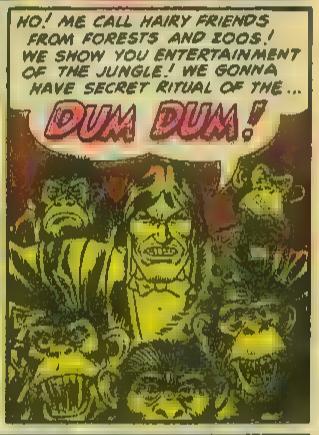

BACK, FRIENDS! STAND BACK!... LORD GREYSTROKE IS MERELY FOLLOWING THE UNWRITTEN LAW OF THE JUNGLE... THE LAW OF THE N'GOOMBAH, THE LION! TO HE WHO BRINGS DOWN THE KILL BELONGS THE FIRST SHARE OF THE KILL! TO... TO HE WHO IS THE VICTOR GOES THE CHOICEST CUT!... TO HE WHO...
SLURP! CHOMP! CHUMP!
RRRRR!
GRRROW! RRRROWR!
HIC!

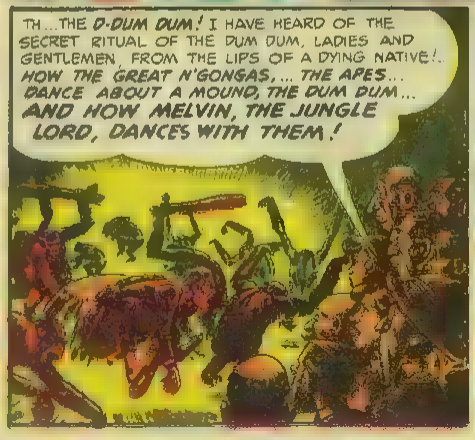

...TO HE WHO WHO HE HE HE WHO!... SIGH! ...IT IS THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE!
URP!... HOKAY, KIDS! NOW I HAVE TAKEN CHOICEST CUTS ACCORDING TO UNWRITTEN LAWS OF JUNGLE... YOU DIG IN!


ALL RIGHT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! NOW THAT DINNER IS OVER, WE SHALL RETIRE TO THE MUSIC ROOM FOR A BIT OF ENTERTAINMENT!
ENTERTAINMENT! HO BOY! MAYBE YOU GONNA HAVE OOKA-BOLLAKONGA TYPE AFTER-DINNER RITUAL WHERE WE PLAY MUSIC AND SHRINK-HEAD TO CELEBRATE SUCCESSFUL HUNT!
OOK!
OOK! OOK!
OOK!


OH ISN'T THAT BEAUTI-FUL MUSIC?
OOH I'M DYING!
HEY! WOT KIND ENTER-TAINMENT IS DIS? DIS YOU CALL ENTERTAIN-MENT?

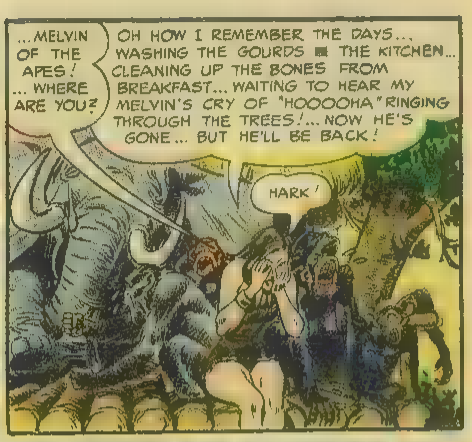
ME SHOW YOU REAL ENTERTAINMENT... SHOW YOU HOW TO LIVE IT UP A LITTLE! GIVE CRY OF BIG BULL-APE, N'GOOCHKA!
HOOOO
HA


HO! ME CALL HAIRY FRIENDS FROM FORESTS AND ZOOS! WE SHOW YOU ENTERTAINMENT OF THE JUNGLE! WE GONNA HAVE SECRET RITUAL OF THE...
DUM DUM!


TH...THE D-DUM DUM! I HAVE HEARD OF THE SECRET RITUAL OF THE DUM DUM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, FROM THE LIPS OF A DYING NATIVE!. HOW THE GREAT N'GONGAS,... THE APES... DANCE ABOUT A MOUND, THE DUM DUM... AND HOW MELVIN, THE JUNGLE LORD, DANCES WITH THEM!

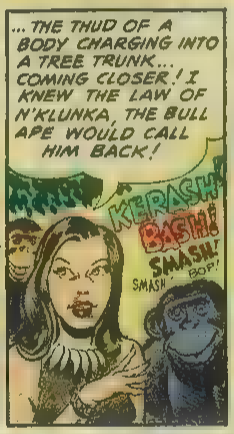
...AND AS THE POUNDING ON THE DUM DUM INCREASES, THE DANCING REACHES A FRENZIED PITCH AND THE DANCERS COME FORWARD AND TEAR THE FLESH FROM A SACRIFICE THAT IS LAYING BY THE MOUND...
A HUMAN SACRIFICE!

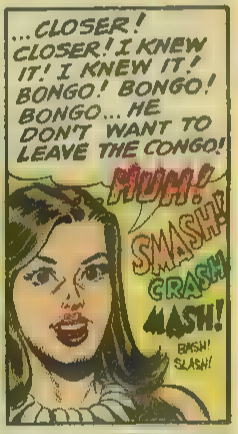
MELVIN!


...MELVIN OF THE APES! ... WHERE ARE YOU?
OH HOW I REMEMBER THE DAYS... WASHING THE GOURDS IN THE KITCHEN... CLEANING UP THE BONES FROM BREAKFAST... WAITING TO HEAR MY MELVIN'S CRY OF "HOOOOHA" RINGING THROUGH THE TREES!... NOW HE'S GONE... BUT HE'LL BE BACK!
HARK!

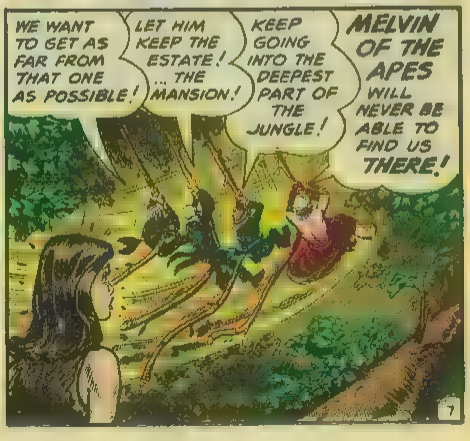
CLUMSY CRASHING AND VOICES IN THE TREE-TOPS!... I KNEW IT! I KNEW MY MELVIN WOULD BE BACK!
CRASH! CRASH!

...SILENCE AND THEN THE CRASH OF MY MELVIN AS HE MISSES ANOTHER VINE! I KNEW THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE WAS HIS BLOOD!
KRAK! CRASH!
THUMP! CRASH!


...THE THUD OF A BODY CHARGING INTO A TREE TRUNK... COMING CLOSER! I KNEW THE LAW OF N'KLUNKA, THE BULL APE WOULD CALL HIM BACK!
KERASH!
BASH!
SMASH! BOP!
SMASH!


...CLOSER! CLOSER! I KNEW IT! I KNEW IT! BONGO! BONGO! BONGO... HE DON'T WANT TO LEAVE THE CONGO!
MUM!
SMASH!
CRASH
ASH!
BASH! SLASH!

IS EVERY-BODY HERE?
YES!... THE WHOLE BLOOMING GREYSTROKE CLAN IS HERE!
ALL EXCEPT ONE!
...BUT LET'S NOT STOP! KEEP MOVING ...DEEPER! DEEPER!...INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA!


WE WANT TO GET AS FAR FROM THAT ONE AS POSSIBLE!
LET HIM KEEP THE ESTATE! ... THE MANSION!
KEEP GOING INTO THE DEEPEST PART OF THE JUNGLE!
MELVIN OF THE APES WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO FIND US THERE!

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HEVO THE GREAT

"Good evening, basketball fans! Here it is half-time at Adison Square Grove and while we're waiting for the two teams to come barreling back for the second half, we have a very exciting interview lined up for you!

"Stepping into our broadcast booth this minute (that's it boy... duck that door frame!) is a young athlete who has taken the sports world by storm. I'm sure you've all read the fine article Strife magazine did on this boy just last week. And now I'd like to introduce this stellar basketball whiz who came out of nowhere... well, out of a comparatively unheard of college... to become the leading scorer in the country this season. He's here with his coach, Mr. 'Red' Haring! Say 'hello' to your fans out there... HEVO FRANKLIN!"

"H'lo!"

"It's certainly a pleasure to have you on this program, Hevo! Your astounding average of 65 points a game is quite astounding! By the way, this is a very fine spread that Strife magazine did about you and your plucky little college! And a real fine photograph of you standing in the foreground with the other 49 members of the student body backing you up! (You folks in the radio audience ought to get a copy of this particular issue! Hevo is the young man in the sweat-suit pants, holding a basketball downward in each palm... just to illustrate the expansive grasp of his phenomenal fingers!) Oh! I see you're carrying your basketballs around with you tonight, too, Hevo!"

"Say, Mac! How 'bout giving *me* an innerduction?"

"Why certainly! (The voice you just heard belongs to the man who's responsible for developing and encouraging Hevo Franklin... none other than Coach Haring!) Well, Coach Haring... you certainly have put Rio La Sagna College on the map! It's amazing what you've done with such a small student body. How many candidates did you cut off the team during initial try-outs?"

"I cut two can'dates, that's all!"

"Only two candidates cut, eh?"

"Yeah, but that left us with only *three players* . . . so I had to reinstate them! They're good company for the other three on the court, however!"

"Well, Coach Haring, I certainly know how close to your heart you cherish little Rio La Sagna College! And I'm sure that you will continue to be head basketball coach there for many, many years and that nothing can possibly induce you to leave Rio La . . ."

"I'm open to any reasonable contracts . . ."

"Yes, it's been real nice speaking to you . . ."

"Any reasonable offers . . . if any colleges care to contact me in care of this radio station!"

"Thank you Coach Haring! And NOW to ask HEVO a few questions! Hevo, to what do you attribute your uncanny speed, deception, play-making, and brilliant defensive strategems on the court?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Yes! And I'll bet when you were a kid you practised set shots in the backyard with an old bottomless peach basket nailed to a tree!"

"Naw! I usta pitch pennies most of the time . . ."

"Surely you spent many long hours perfecting the coordination between eye and muscle in order to make those spectacular shots from three-quarters the length of the court!"

"Naw! I usta shoot rats in the dumps with my .22 rifle!"

"And the way you work those sweet plays . . . the sensational weave, the driving push shot and the smooth hook shot! How did you become so adept at them?"

"I guess it's 'cause I like to play basketball!"

"Well, I see that Coach Haring is anxious to go downstairs to scout the teams playing here tonight!"

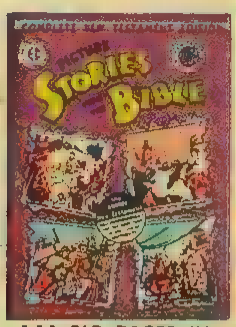
"Say, Mac! Don't we get some razor blades or shaving cream . . ."

"Sorry, Coach! This show is a sustainer!"

"Well, that's O.K.! We'll take some of *that!*"

"Yes, it's been nice having you both . . . and now I see that the second half's about to get under way! Oh . . . before you go, Hevo, what are you majoring in at Rio La Sagna College?"

"Elocution!"



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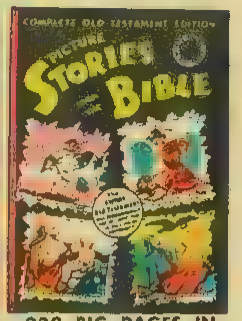

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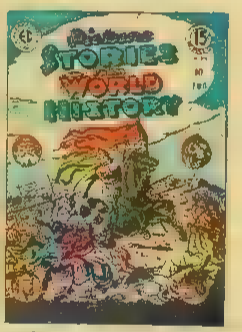

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MAD MUMBLINGS

Dear Editors,

In Mad Mumblings someone asked, "Tell me where I can get one of those cute little things that Glarf brought to earth with him in Mad #2." You said: "At any Martian pet shop for 40 shmetniks." That is wrong! You can get them at any Martian pet shop for 41 shmetniks.—Melvyn Tollman—(No address given)

...I read your fourth issue of "Mad." You spelled shmetniks wrong. It's supposed to be shmetnicks.—Paul Colandrea—New Haven, Connecticut.

...On page 2 of "Superduperman," Clark Bent said he worked for 10 years saving his 75c a week till he got $1,000 saved up. First, if he worked for 10 years saving 75c he would only have $390 and he'd have to starve himself and go naked to get it. Second, he's a dope to save it in the first place when he could buy a 520 year subscription to "Mad." Could you have the Shadow (short for Shadowskeedeeboom-boom) tell me his secret of clouding men's minds? I could use it on my teachers—Thomas Mellinger—Clifton, New Jersey.

...Pardonez moi! S'il vous plait mais dans vos livre trois de "Mad," dans l'histoire de "Sheik of Araby," vous avez eu un Francais qui a dit "N'estpas." Ce n'est pas correcte est-ce-t-il? Il a etre "N'est-ce pas." Merci beaucoup mes amis.

P.S. Aussi vous avez en un Francais qui a dit "boucoup." Ce n'est pas correct. Il est "beaucoup." Au Revoir.—Mons. David Pait—Harrisburg, Illinois.

...Down hyar in Kaintucky we ain't likely ta git much good edjoocayshunal literature, and welcome this work of art (Mad). Yessir, it's a pretty fur piece down the road to the nearest newsstand (about 25 mile), but my 113 yar ole great-grandmammy, she ain't moved nary a mite in 35 yar, moseys on down and back every month jest about as fast as ole Esmireldi, our hawg, can clean her trough. In order ta keep my poor ole great-grammy home (since she gits boozed up ev'ry Sattidy nite in town), I enclose 75c for 6 issues of "Mad."—Tony Sodd—Louisville, Kentucky (Just 1 mile northeast of Hogmaul Creek)

...I am a regular reader of your comic book "Mad." I was displeased with the letter of criticism you published in the copy of "Mad" #4, and I disagree with Mrs. Peterson on her view. Your book is not meant to be educational. It is for entertainment only. I, as many of my friends, strongly urge you to continue your publication of this book.—Armstead Napier—Richmond, Virginia.

...After reading your No. 4 edition of "Mad," we have come to the conclusion that it is TOPS. We recommend it to all college students, especially those in engineering. It is just the remedy for our over-racked brains.—Walter C. Schalm and Carl Heald—Michigan College of Mining and Technology, Houghton, Michigan.

...We here on Guam become avaricious readers after being here for a short time. This island is not one of the liveliest places in the world. Sooner or later we read almost every comic book, magazine, and book that hits the stands. We have all gotten a great deal more enjoyment from "Mad" than from any other publication of its type. I would like to give you the thanks of all of us here for helping to make the days a little shorter, the smiles a little broader. Joe Lazare, Guam.

...I am an artillery man in Korea, with very little time to read books. When "Mad" came down, the fellows told me what a sensation it was, I took time to read it and found that I've never laughed as hard at any one book as I did at yours. Keep writing stories. —Pfc. Leon A. Reid—North Korea.

"Mad" is neither funny nor witty. It doesn't make sense. It is not educational, inspirational. It's as poor and cheap an effort to lure nickels as I've ever seen. May it have no success.—Paul M. Dubbs—Bellefonte, Pennsylvania.

...I came across your so-called "Mad" mag today, much to my disgust. How such a piece of filthy minded pictures and so-called stories can be printed and sold on newsstands to young innocent children I can't understand. Your product should be rated as an 8 pager. From now on I shall keep my children from reading anything but Donald Duck and Lulu.—Barbara Muth (Mrs.)—Chicago, Illinois.

...If I have ever seen such rotten literature, "Mad" is it. You should be ashamed of yourselves for publishing such dirt. "Mad" is strictly asinine, so instead of indoctrinating our youngsters with such low-down, rotten scum, why not publish some good, clean, decent comics?—R. Thompson—Washington, D. C.

...We started a Mad Melvin Club of which I am president (we drew straws). To be a member, one must have all the "Mads." Anyone interested in joining, write me at 2424 Vance Ave. for a membership card. We want to get a nationwide club. Pat Armstrong, Alexandria, Louisiana

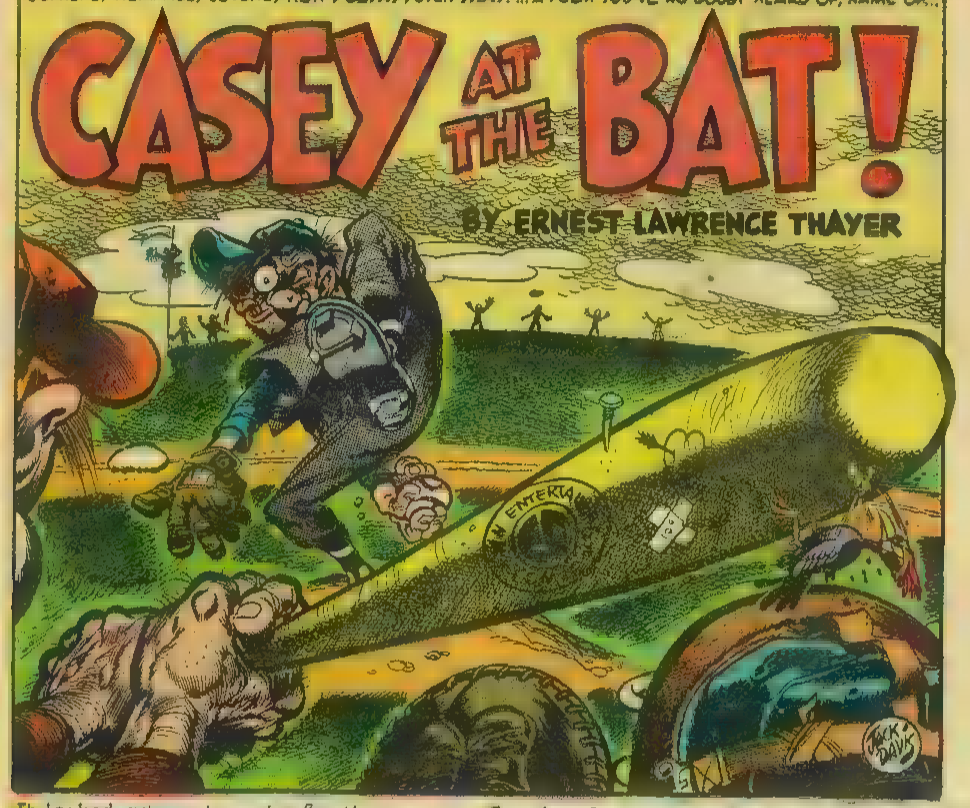
So subscriptions are 75c! Just like Tony said! Send moola along to:

Mad Editors
Room 706, Dept. 6
225 Lafayette St.
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

POETRY DEPT.: ... WE'VE INCLUDED MANY SUBJECTS IN OUR COMIC BOOK FORMAT ... WESTERN COWBOYS, HORROR, CORPSES, A-COOKING IN A VAT... CRIME AND MURDER, SCIENCE-FICTION, ROCKETS IN THE STRATOSPHERE, ROMANCE, LOVERS, NOW *POETRY*; EVEN *THAT!*... A POEM YOU'VE NO DOUBT HEARD OF, NAME OF...

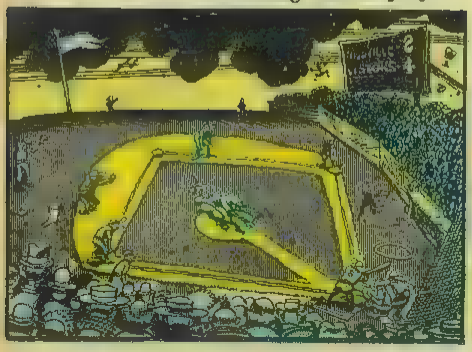
CASEY AT THE BAT!

BY ERNEST LAWRENCE THAYER

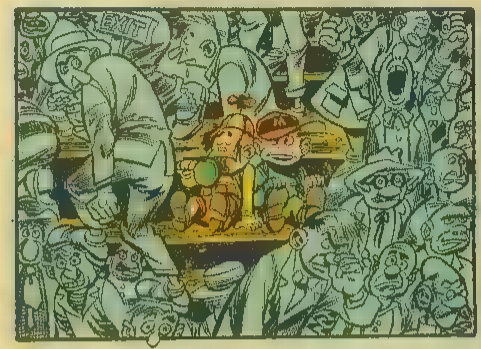


It looked extremely rocky for the
Mudville nine that day;
The score stood two to four with but
one inning left to play.

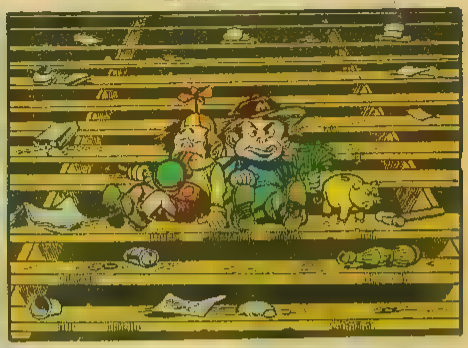
So when Cooney died at second and Burrows
did the same,
A pallor wreathed the features of the
patrons of the game.



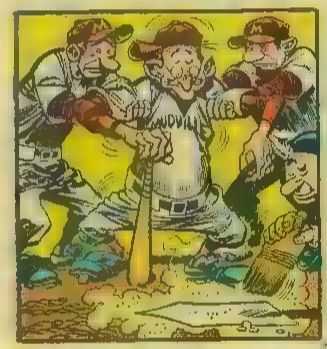
The straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest,
With the hope that springs eternal within the human breast.



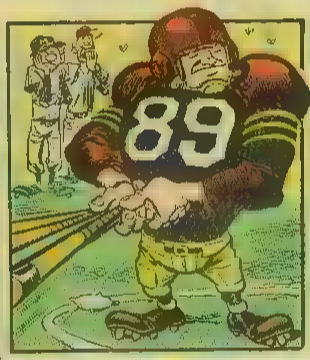
For they thought: "If only Casey could get a whack at that,"
They'd put even money now, with Casey at the bat.



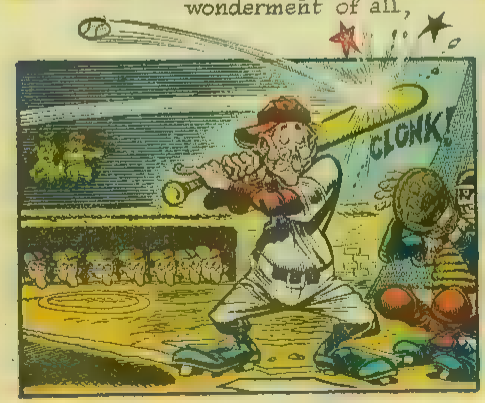
But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake,
And the former was a pudd'n, and the latter was a fake,



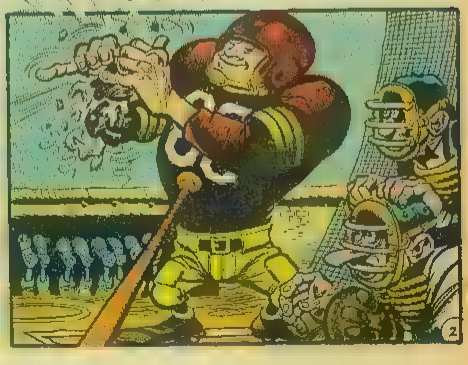
So on that stricken multitude a deathlike silence sat;
For there seemed but little chance for Casey's getting to the bat.



But Flynn let drive a "single," the wonderment of all,

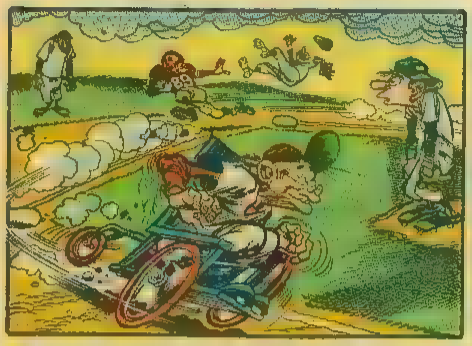


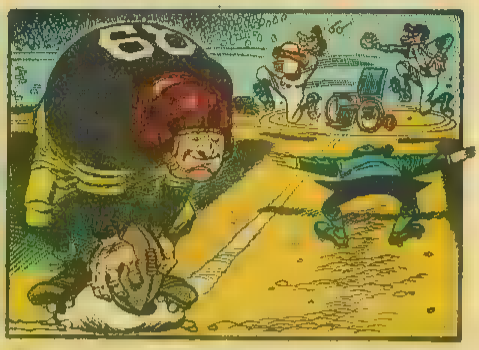
And the much-despised Blakely "tore the cover off the ball."



And when the dust had lifted, and
they saw what had occurred,

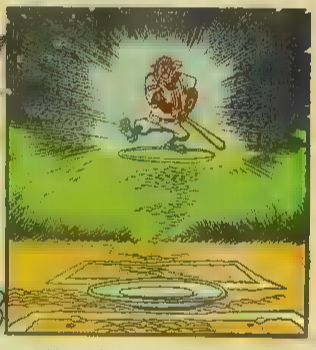
There was Blakely safe at second, and
Flynn a-huggin' third.





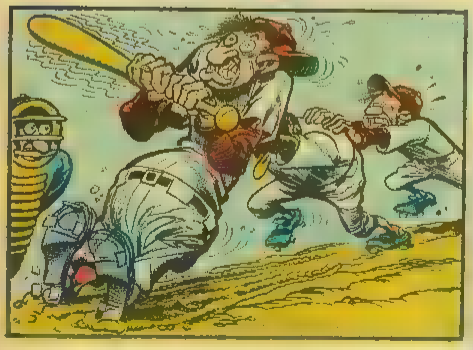
Then from the gladdened multitude
went up a joyous yell —
It rumbled in the mountaintops, it rattled
in the dell;

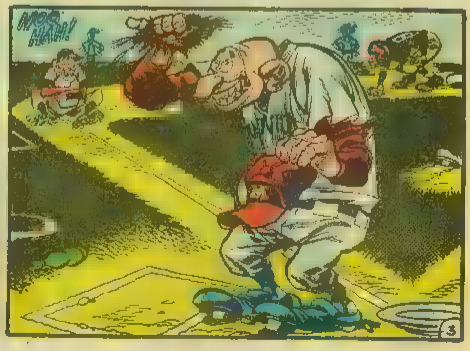
It struck upon the hillside and rebounded
on the flat;
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing
to the bat.



There was ease in Casey's manner as
he stepped into his place,
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a
smile on Casey's face;

And when responding to the cheers, he
lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt
'twas Casey at the bat.



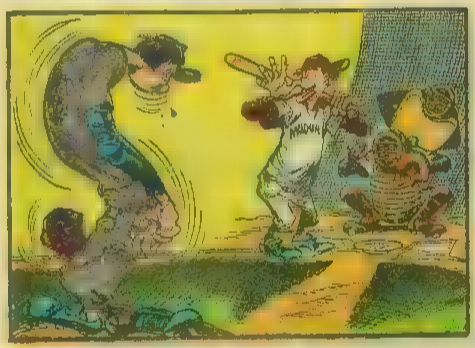


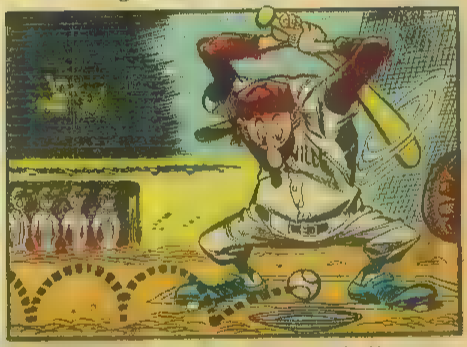
Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt;

Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip.
Defiance gleamed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

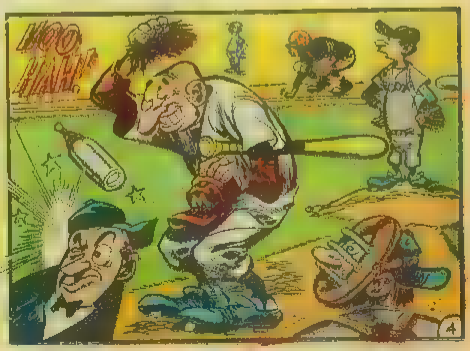
And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.



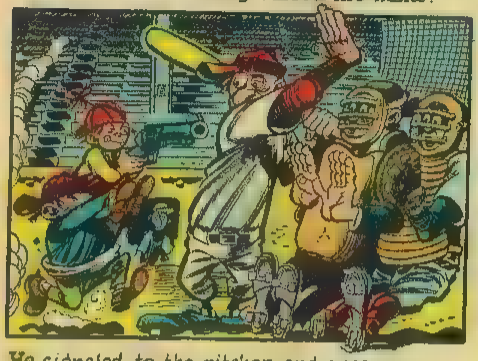


Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped.
"That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

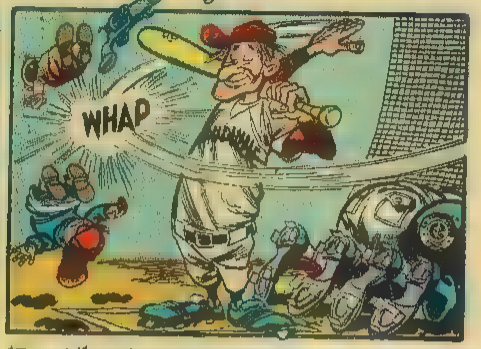
From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm waves on the stern and distant shore.



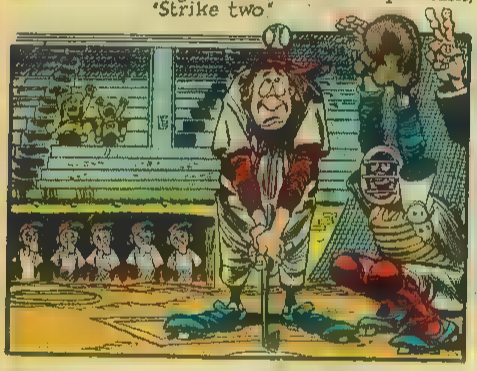
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!" someone shouted in the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.



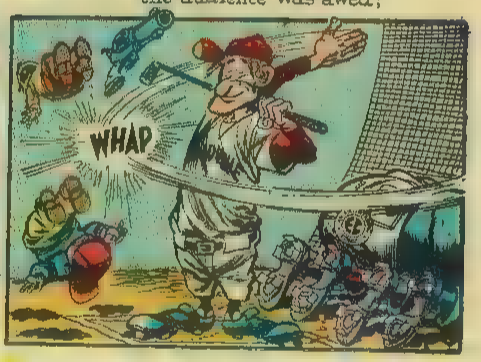
With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on;



He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."

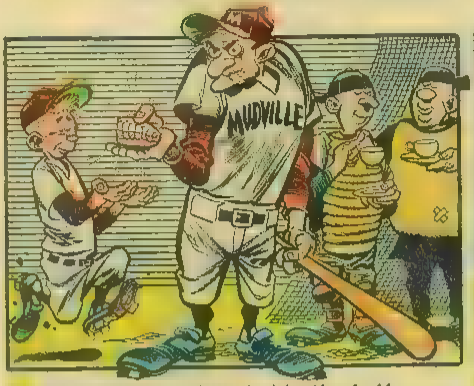


"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed;

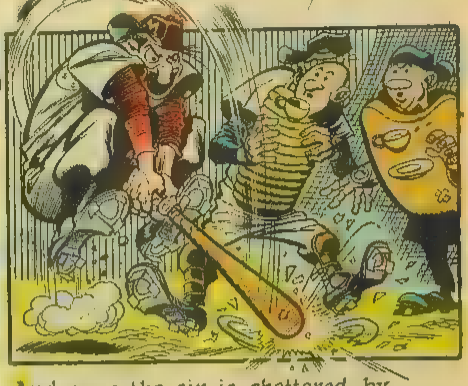


They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain,
And they knew, that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

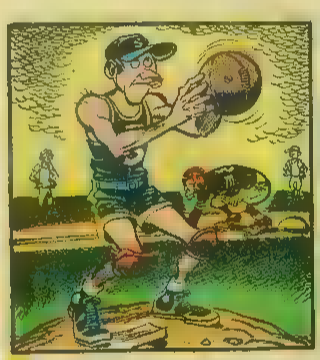
The sneer is gone from Casey's lips,
his teeth are clenched in hate,

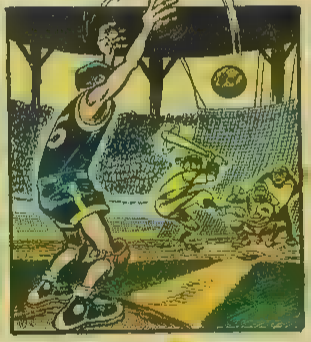


He pounds with cruel vengeance
his bat upon the plate;



And now the pitcher holds the ball,
And now he lets it go,

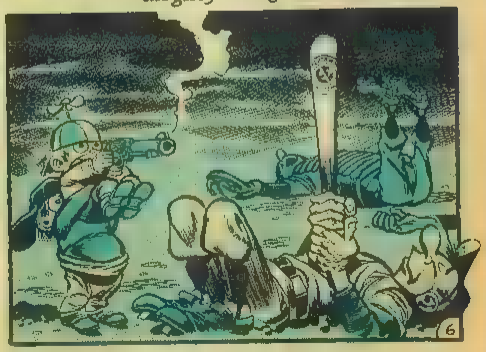




And now the air is shattered by
the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun
is shining bright,
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere
hearts are light;

And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere
children shout,
But there is no joy in Mudville —
mighty Casey has struck out!



HORROR DEPT.: THE TALE WAS TOLD BY AN OLD SEA-FARING MAN, BABBLING IN DELIRIUM BEFORE HE DIED! BABBLING AMONGST THE FLOTSAM AND JETSAM TOSSED UPON THE CONEY ISLAND SHORE HE BABBLED... ABOUT A MYSTERIOUS ISLAND IN THE TROPICS... ABOUT THE LOST TRIBE OF THE OOKABOLAPONGA... ABOUT THEIR GOD...

PING PONG!

BILL ELDER

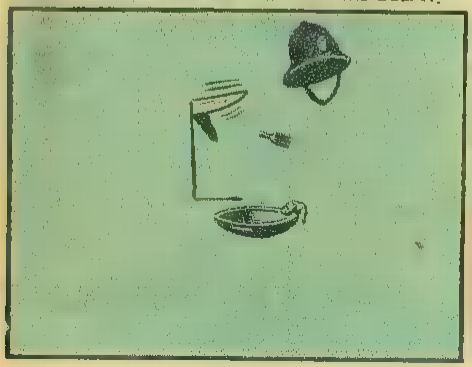
BOOM

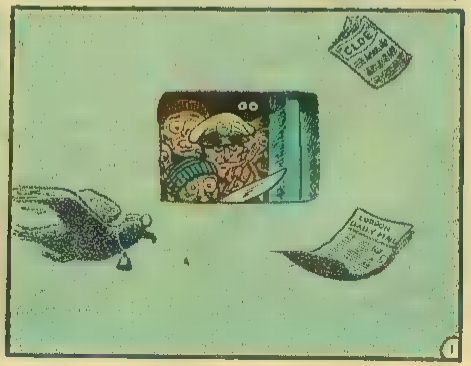
POST NO BILLS

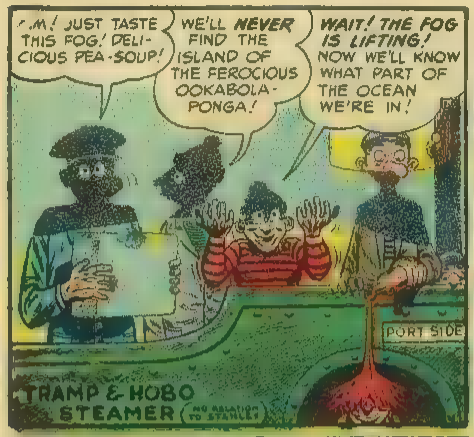
THIS IS NOT A 3-D MOVIE! THIS IS DEFINITELY IT!

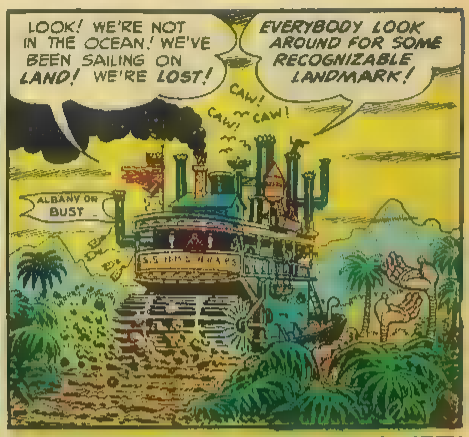
THE TROPICS!... SOMEWHERE IN THE LATITUDES, SOUTH OF THE SARGOSSA SEA, A PEA-SOUP FOG... SO THICK YOU COULD CUT IT WITH A KNIFE... HUGS THE OCEAN!

AND INSIDE THE FOG... A SHIP RIDES LIKE A GHOST... A BLACK SHIP WITH A GRIM-FACED FEARLESS CREW OF MEN... RIDING TO ITS DESTINY... WITH ***DEATH***... WITH ***PONG!***



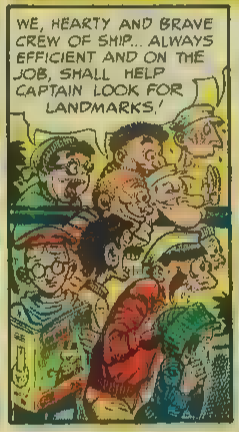



M.! JUST TASTE THIS FOG! DELICIOUS PEA-SOUP!
WE'LL NEVER FIND THE ISLAND OF THE FEROCIOUS OOKABOLA-PONGA!
WAIT! THE FOG IS LIFTING! NOW WE'LL KNOW WHAT PART OF THE OCEAN WE'RE IN!
PORT SIDE
TRAMP & HOBO STEAMER (NO RELATION TO STANLEY)

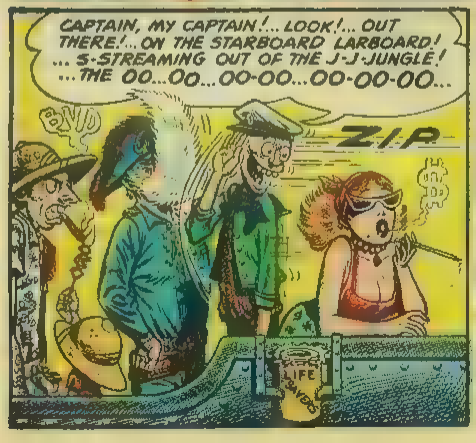

LOOK! WE'RE NOT IN THE OCEAN! WE'VE BEEN SAILING ON LAND! WE'RE LOST!
EVERYBOOD LOOK AROUND FOR SOME RECOGNIZABLE LANDMARK!
CAW! CAW! CAW!
ALBANY OR BUST

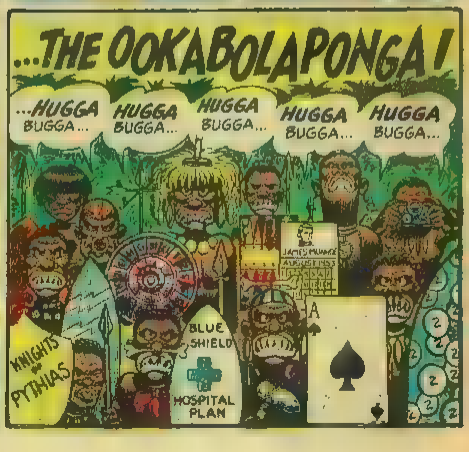
I, CECIL B.V.D. MILL, MOVIE PRODUCER, WHO HAS CHARTERED THIS SHIP TO MAKE A MOVIE AMIDST THE SAVAGE OOKABOLA-PONGA, SHALL LOOK FOR LANDMARKS!
YES, B.V.D.!

I, CAPTAIN OF SHIP CHARTERED BY B.V.D., THIRTY Y'ARS BEFORE THE MAST, MAN AND BOY... AM BEST LANDMARK SPOTTER ON SEVEN SEAS!

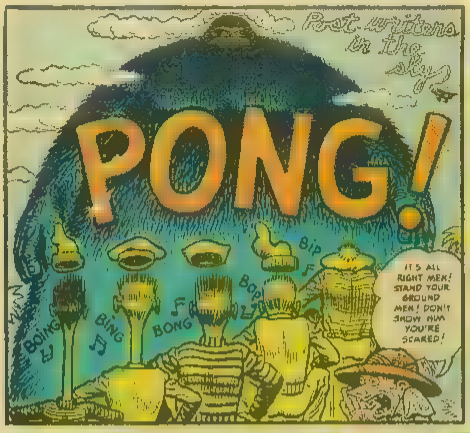

WE, HEARTY AND BRAVE CREW OF SHIP... ALWAYS EFFICIENT AND ON THE JOB, SHALL HELP CAPTAIN LOOK FOR LANDMARKS!

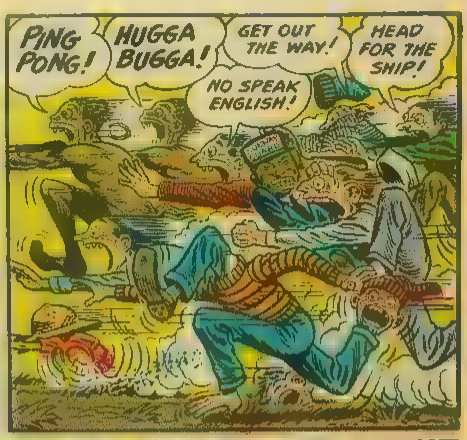
I, LANA LYNN, BIG SHOT LEADING LADY FOR THIS FILM, DO NOT UNDERSTAND, WHY YOU ALL LOOK THIS-A WAY WHEN LANDMARKS ARE ALL THAT-A WAY!
STAR-BOARD SIDE (NOT!!!)


CAPTAIN, MY CAPTAIN!... LOOK!... OUT THERE!... ON THE STARBOARD LARBOARD! ... S-STREAMING OUT OF THE J-J-JUNGLE! ...THE OO...OO...OO-OO...OO-OO-OO...
ZIP
LIFE SAVERS

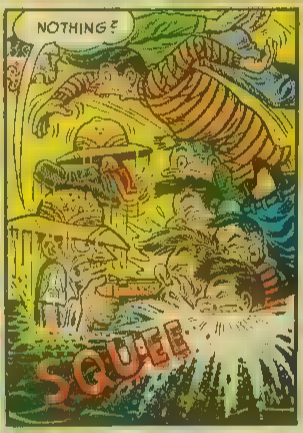

...THE OOKABOLAPONGA!
...HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
HUGGA BUGGA...
KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS
BLUE SHIELD
HOSPITAL PLAN
A

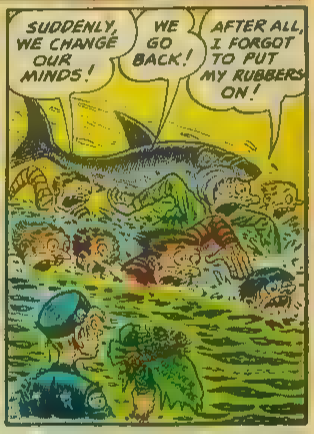
CAPTAIN! IT'S THE FEROCIOUS OOKA-BOLAPONGA! CAN YOU SPEAK TO THEM?
THE FEROCIOUS OOKABOLAPONGA SPEAK A STRANGE WILD TONGUE THAT IS HEARD NOWHERE ELSE ON EARTH... BUT I WILL TRY!
...TIYO KIMOSAVEE OOKA-BOLAPONGA! VAS MACHST DU, KID? OWHAY ISAY ISNESSBAY?
ISNESSBAY OWLDCAY EBAY ETTERBAY! OUYAY OW-KNAY OWHAY ITAY ISAY! OUYAY OTGAY OOTAY IPSHAY ALOTAY!
IDDAY OUYAY EESAY ETHAY ATESTLAY ISSUEAY OFAY 'ADMAY'?
OUYAY ETBAY! ITAY ASYAY 'FORGEGAY'!
GOOD NEWS, B.V.D.! I CAN COMMUNICATE WITH THEM!
I SAY! YOU FELLOWS SPEAK ENGLISH?... WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO IN THE FIRST PLACE!
FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT YOU ONLY SPOKE THAT FILTHY OOKABOLAPONGA-NESE! HORRIBLE LANGUAGE TO MASTER! NEVER DID TAKE TO IT!
...HEY! WHAT YOU GOT? GOOD LOOKIN' DOLL? HOWZABOUT TRADE FOR HER?
HMPH! QUAINT PEASANTS! PROBABLY WANT TO SWAP YOU FOR SOME HAND-MADE POTS AND TRINKETS!
...NO! DIS MY LEADING LADY! ME NO TRADE!
OFF LIMITS
COME ON! WE NEED WOMAN FOR SACRIFICE! WE TRADE! I GOT BUBBLE-GUM TICKETS OF WHOLE BROOKLYN DODGER BASE-BALL TEAM... AND TICKETS OF INDIAN TRIBES OF WILD WEST! WE TRADE, HUH?
YOU'VE GOT THE WHOLE TEAM?
WHAT A TRADE! FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET THE BUBBLE-GUM TICKETS OF PEE-WEE REESE AND EDDIE STANKY! NOW MY COLLECTION IS COMPLETE!
HUGGA BUGGA...HUGGA BUGGA...
ADVICE FOR THIN PEOPLE: DON'T EAT FAST!! ADVICE FOR FAT PEOPLE: DON'T EAT... FAST!!
HOT DOG! I CAN SEE IT NOW IN LIGHTS! "B.V.D. MILL PRESENTS... ACTUAL PICTURES OF HUMAN SACRIFICE!" SET UP THE CAMERA RIGHT THERE ON THAT HUGE TOE-NAIL SHAPED ROCK!
...THE TOE-NAIL SHAPED ROCK ON THIS FOOT-SHAPED HILL CONNECTED TO THIS LEG SHA... SHA... SHA... SHA...
HUGGA BUGGA
HUGGA BUGGA
YES, B.V.D.!

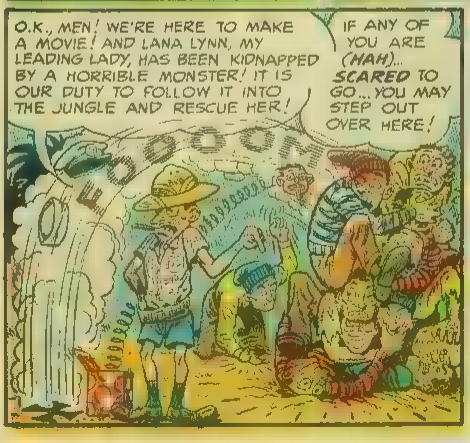

Post-war visitors in the sky
PONG!
BOING
BING
BONG
BOOP
BIP
IT'S ALL RIGHT MEN! STAND YOUR GROUND MEN! DON'T SHOW HIM YOU'RE SCARED!

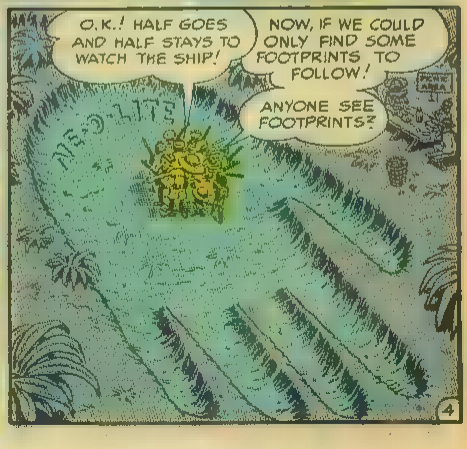

PING PONG!
HUGGA BUGGA!
GET OUT THE WAY!
HEAD FOR THE SHIP!
NO SPEAK ENGLISH!

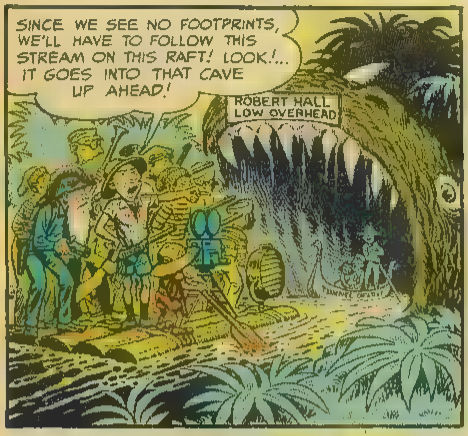
TO HECK WITH THE SHIP!
IT'S TOO SLOW!
I'M GOING HOME! AIN'T, NUTHIN' CAN STOP ME!

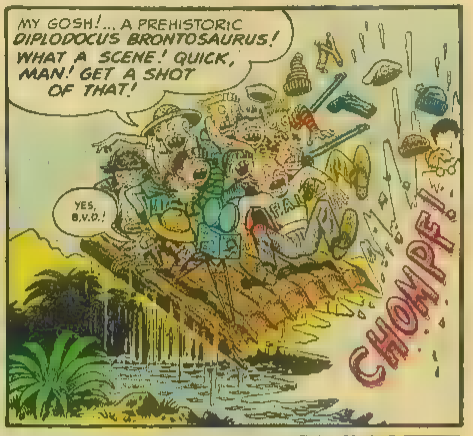

NOTHING?
SQUEE


SUDDENLY, WE CHANGE OUR MINDS!
WE GO BACK!
AFTER ALL, I FORGOT TO PUT MY RUBBERS ON!

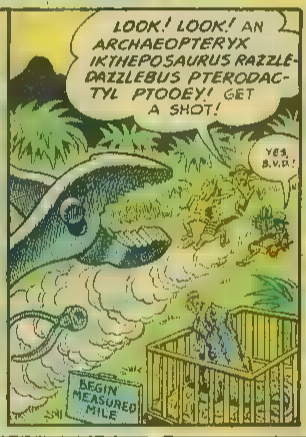

O.K., MEN! WE'RE HERE TO MAKE A MOVIE! AND LANA LYNN, MY LEADING LADY, HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED BY A HORRIBLE MONSTER! IT IS OUR DUTY TO FOLLOW IT INTO THE JUNGLE AND RESCUE HER!
IF ANY OF YOU ARE (HAH)... SCARED TO GO... YOU MAY STEP OUT OVER HERE!
OOOOOH!


O.K.! HALF GOES AND HALF STAYS TO WATCH THE SHIP!
NOW, IF WE COULD ONLY FIND SOME FOOTPRINTS TO FOLLOW!
ANYONE SEE FOOTPRINTS?
NEO-LITE

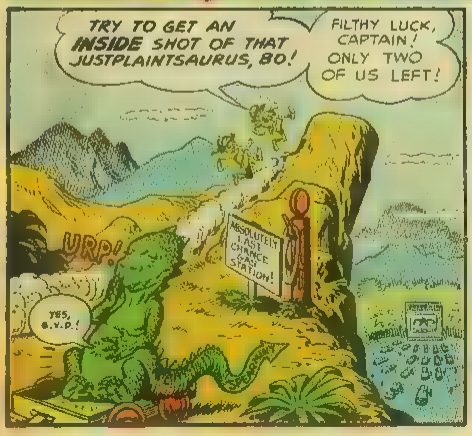

SINCE WE SEE NO FOOTPRINTS, WE'LL HAVE TO FOLLOW THIS STREAM ON THIS RAFT! LOOK!... IT GOES INTO THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!
ROBERT HALL LOW OVERHEAD

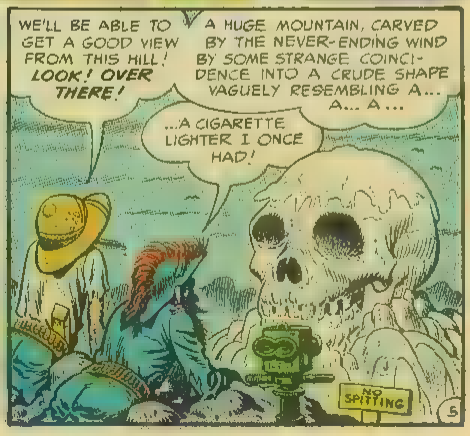

MY GOSH!... A PREHISTORIC DIPLODOCUS BRONTOSAURUS! WHAT A SCENE! QUICK, MAN! GET A SHOT OF THAT!
YES, B.V.D.!
CHOMPF!

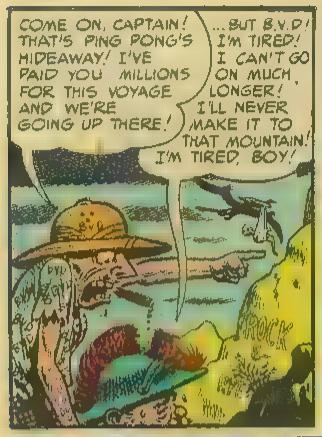
LOOK! OVER THERE! A TYRRANOSAURUS STEGOSAURUS FRAMMIS! QUICK! GET A SHOT OF IT, YOU FOOL!
YES, B.V.D.!

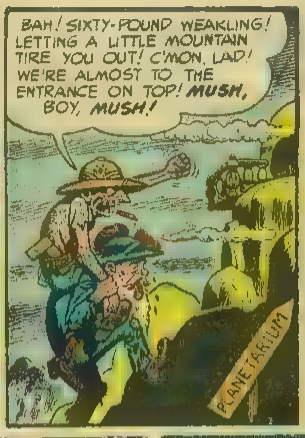

LOOK! LOOK! AN ARCHAEOPTERYX IKTHEPOSAURUS RAZZLE-DAZZLEBUS PTERODACTYL PTOOEY! GET A SHOT!
YES, B.V.D.!
BEGIN MEASURED MILE

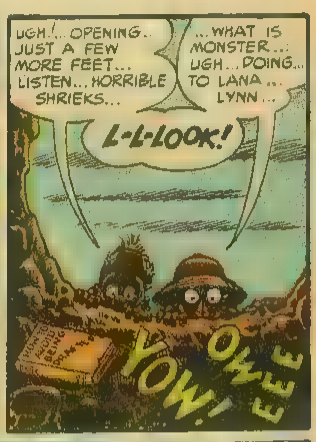
LOOK! LOOKLOOK! A JUSTPLAINTSAURUS! GET A SHOT OF THAT, LAD!
YES, B.V.D.!
WURF!
END OF MEASURED MILE
JOE STALIN SLEPT HERE

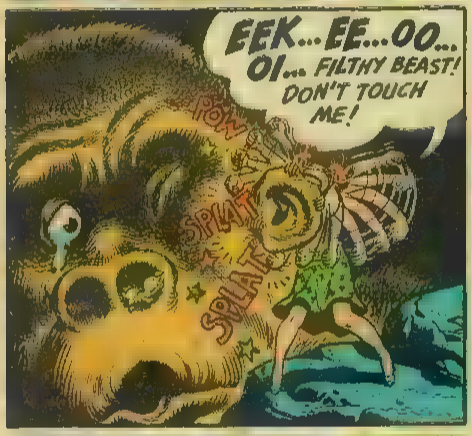

TRY TO GET AN INSIDE SHOT OF THAT JUSTPLAINTSAURUS, BO!
FILTHY LUCK, CAPTAIN! ONLY TWO OF US LEFT!
URP!
ABSOLUTELY NO CHANCE STATION!
YES, B.V.D.!

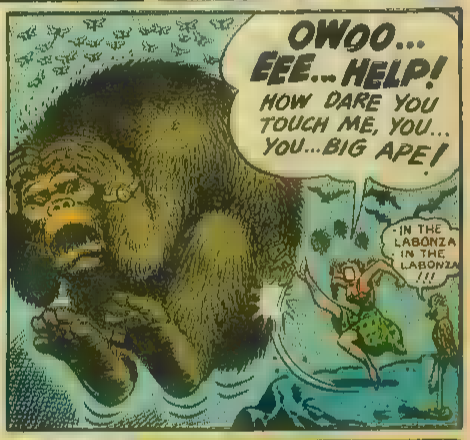

WE'LL BE ABLE TO GET A GOOD VIEW FROM THIS HILL! LOOK! OVER THERE!
A HUGE MOUNTAIN, CARVED BY THE NEVER-ENDING WIND BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE INTO A CRUDE SHAPE VAGUELY RESEMBLING A... A... A...
...A CIGARETTE LIGHTER I ONCE HAD!
NO SPITTING

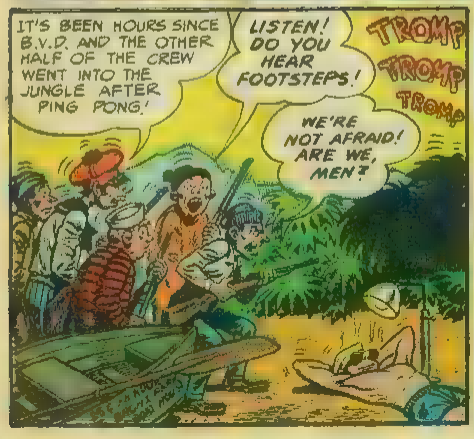

COME ON, CAPTAIN! THAT'S PING PONG'S HIDEAWAY! I'VE PAID YOU MILLIONS FOR THIS VOYAGE AND WE'RE GOING UP THERE!
...BUT B.V.D! I'M TIRED! I CAN'T GO ON MUCH LONGER! I'LL NEVER MAKE IT TO THAT MOUNTAIN! I'M TIRED, BOY!

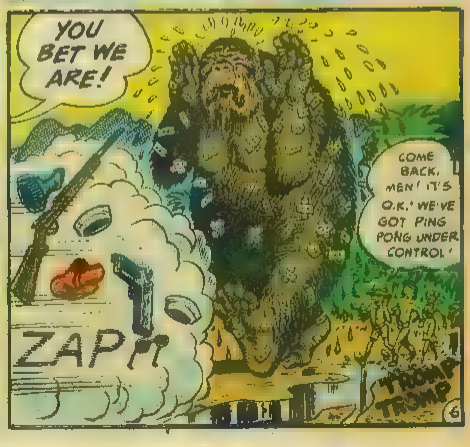

BAH! SIXTY-POUND WEAKLING! LETTING A LITTLE MOUNTAIN TIRE YOU OUT! C'MON, LAD! WE'RE ALMOST TO THE ENTRANCE ON TOP! MUSH, BOY, MUSH!
PLANETARIUM


UGH!... OPENING.. JUST A FEW MORE FEET... LISTEN... HORRIBLE SHRIEKS...
...WHAT IS MONSTER... UGH... DOING... TO LANA... LYNN...
L-L-LOOK!
YOW!
OWW EEE


EEK... EE... OO... OI... FILTHY BEAST! DON'T TOUCH ME!
POW
SPLAT
SPLAT


OWOO... EEE... HELP! HOW DARE YOU TOUCH ME, YOU... YOU... BIG APE!
IN THE LABONZA IN THE LABONZA !!!


IT'S BEEN HOURS SINCE B.V.D. AND THE OTHER HALF OF THE CREW WENT INTO THE JUNGLE AFTER PING PONG!
LISTEN! DO YOU HEAR FOOTSTEPS!
TROMP TROMP TROMP
WE'RE NOT AFRAID! ARE WE, MEN?


YOU BET WE ARE!
COME BACK, MEN! IT'S O.K.! WE'VE GOT PING PONG UNDER CONTROL!
ZAP
TROMP TROMP

B.V.D.! HERE WE ARE... NO ROOM ON THE SHIP... HAD TO GET RID OF THE CREW... ADRIFT... NO FOOD... NO WATER... WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS, WAS THIS TRIP NECESSARY?
CAPTAIN! I'M GOING TO GET PING PONG BACK TO BROADWAY EVEN IF IT KILLS YOU! WHICH GIVES ME A GOOD IDEA, MAINLY SINCE I'M GETTING HUNGRY!
CLICK
"THE VULGAR BOATMAN"
WAIT A MINUTE, B.V.D.!... LOOKY OVER YONDER... IT'S LAND!... IT'S NEW YORK!
I MADE IT! I MADE IT! GLORY BE... YEAH MAN... YOU KNOW THE SPECTACULAR FILM WITH A CAST OF THOUSANDS IN GLORIOUS TECHNICOLOR CALLED CROW VADIS? WELL I MADE IT!
GAINES INSURANCE CO. "IF YOU LOSE AN ARM WE HELP YOU LOOK FOR IT!"
LOOK EVERYBODY! I, B.V.D. MILL, HAVE COME BACK WITH THIS STUPENDOUS MONSTER... HEY, EVERYBODY?
...HEY?... ISN'T ANYBODY INTERESTED, HEY? DOESN'T ANYONE WANT TO LOOK AT THIS COLOSSAL MONSTER?
...HEY?
JUST OUT! THE SENSATIONAL, GREAT, TERRIFIC, AMAZING NEW CLEANSER "SOAP!"
Mother come home - we found your latest issue of MAD!
SEE? IT ALL GOES TO SHOW, CAPTAIN!
IN THIS HIGH SPEED CIVILIZATION, NOTHING SURPRISES ANYONE ANY MORE!
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☐ Ivory and Gold ☐ Brown and Gold

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Zone

Fill out description below. Mark back of pictures 1, 2 and 3.

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Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 3
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

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Please make _____ ☐ 5x7 ☐ 8x10 Enlargements and Frames (specify number, limit 3)

CHECK COLOR OF FRAMES

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Zone

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Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 2
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

Color Picture No. 3
Hair _____
Eyes _____
Clothing _____

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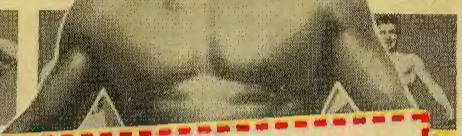

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